

the circle

{ FALL ANNUAL 2006 }

The background features a large, semi-transparent yellow circle that dominates the lower half of the page. Overlapping its top-right edge is a smaller, solid orange circle. A thin, light-colored arc curves across the upper portion of the page. A vertical line runs down the right side, and a horizontal line runs across the middle, intersecting the yellow circle. The text 'the circle' is in the top left, and '{ FALL ANNUAL 2006 }' is in the lower right.

the circle

STAFF

Editor

Riley Tant

Graphic Designer

Joshua Swindle

Art

Terran Wilson – Editor, Megan Howell,
Megan Sajjadieh, Amy Steinkampf

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Bryn Culpepper - Editor, Tim Byrd, Katy Donaldson,
Caitlin Kearns, Daniel Milton

Fiction

Amy Larue – Editor, Abbie Basten, Ellison Langford,
Nathan Wagner, Patrick Weatherly

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Sarah Adams, Kendra Carter, Lindsay Wood

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Whitney Cowart, Jennie Bodenhamer, Elizabeth Gray,
Maria Toro, Amanda Zambrano

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Lauren English, Chelsea Standifer, Joshua Swindle

Fashion

Ashley Riddle – Editor, Lauren A. Davidson, Courtney Harper,
Laurel Kostakis, Abigail Moeller, Danielle Ward

Photography

Mary Russ, Samantha Tashman, Amanda Gauntt,
Eva Harmon, Vicki Johnson

ABOUT THE CIRCLE

The Circle is Auburn University's creative interest magazine. It serves as a forum for the artists, writers, photographers, and designers of Auburn University. Our goal is that this publication will accurately represent the diverse talents and abilities of the Auburn community. The Auburn Circle is free to all students. Issues are published once every fall and spring. Students from all majors, alumni, faculty, staff, and supporters of Auburn University are invited to submit to The Circle. The Auburn Circle is one of ten Student Activity Projects annually receiving student activity fee allocations and coordinated through the Office of the Dean of Students.



editor's letter Riley Tant

Theodore Roosevelt once said, "Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing." I have been lucky enough to discover the truth to this statement through my work on The Circle this semester. Though at times the work became challenging and even overwhelming, I am grateful for the valuable lessons it has taught me that I will carry throughout life.

I would like to thank all of the students who had the guts to submit their work. The submissions we received this year were all talented and showed amazing creativity. I feel it is safe to say that we have set a new record this year, having received more than 1,300 submissions! The selection process this year was difficult due to the amount of submissions and the high quality of each piece, but I am thrilled to have the opportunity to showcase some remarkable student work. Our goal for this semester was to increase publicity on campus, better represent the diversity of Auburn University, and improve the quality of the magazine itself. We have even higher goals for next semester, so I want to take this opportunity to encourage everyone to submit again for the spring issue. Without your support, we would not be able to produce such a high quality publication.

I would also like to thank my amazing staff for all of the hard work and time you have put into this publication. I would like to thank Dafni Greene and Lisa Lee for keeping me on track during this busy semester, and providing me with the opportunities and the means of improving and expanding The Circle.

And lastly, thank you to my family and friends for supporting me and always encouraging me through my more hectic days.



Abbie Basten

International Trade and Spanish, Art History Sophomore
Abbie was published nationally for poetry she wrote in English and Spanish during high school but she adopted an interest in art during her trip to Spain her junior year. She plans to intern in a museum in London during the spring of her junior year and hopes to get a job involving her love of art, travel and writing after graduation.

Abigail Moeller

French and Apparel Merchandising Senior
Abigail Moeller is uniquely the only person in her major and is in love with anything having to do with French and fashion. She has just finished doing an internship with Emanuel Ungaro in Paris for a semester, and she hopes to start a career in the fashion industry working for a magazine.

Mandi Gauntt

Psychology Junior
Mandi's dream is to one day become a semi-professional photographer, specializing in Wedding Photojournalism and creative portraiture. Other future professional goals include becoming a family or school counselor, as well as teaching at the high school and/or college level.

Amanda Zambrano

Public Relations Sophomore
Amanda hopes to be trilingual one day and learning French will complete that dream. Amanda is passionate about music and dancing. Amanda loves her family, the ocean, Tampa, Auburn / Opelika nursing homes, big cities, laughing, hiking, foreign countries, open minded people and fun. Fun is good!

Amy LaRue

English Junior
Amy spends most of her time reading but wishes she had more time to devote to writing. Amy plans are to pursue free lance writing for magazines and hopefully to one day become an editor. She has also considered moving to Ireland or England to do literary research.

Amy Steinkampf

Mathematics Freshman
Amy hobbies include painting, drawing, knitting, and concocting chocolaty desserts in the kitchen. Though she is pursuing a math-oriented career, Amy plans to continue to be active in and support the art community.

Ashley Riddle

Apparel Design Junior
Ashley is a member of Chi Omega Sorority, a member of the AU Modeling Board, the 06'-07' president of the International Textile and Apparel Association, and was recently crowned the 2006 Miss Greek Week. Ashley enjoys photography, and was chosen to be used on Jones Soda labels.

Bryn Culpepper

Exercise Science/ Psychology Sophomore
Bryn finds release in reading good literature, novels, and articles, and writing, occasionally. Bryn loves traveling the country, and someday hopes to travel to Europe and Asia. She hopes to find a job someday that will still give her enough time to complete one her greatest goals of one day publishing a novel.

Caitlin Kearns

Pre- veterinary/ COSAM Freshman
Caitlin Kearns has won two writing awards including an honorable mention for the Hollin's Women's writing contest and placed in the Luna Kaufman Center for Holocaust Studies at Brookdale Community College writing contest. Most recently her poem Composing Unconventionality Through Novelty has been published.

Chelsea Standifer

Psychology Senior
Chelsea is a member of Phi Mu sorority and Psi Chi, the Psychology honor society. She won first place in the Alabama Superintendents Art Award in 2002 and 2003 and was the editor of the Muse, the literary magazine at Mountain Brook High School. Chelsea aspires to fill her life with travel, music, beauty and lots of love.

Courtney Harper

Apparel Merchandising Design Senior
Born in South Africa and raised in Alabama, Courtney has always thrived on different cultural experiences. She enjoys working on photography, sketching, painting, and writing in her spare time.

Lindsay Wood

Journalism Junior
Photography, fly-fishing, being outdoors and being with family and friends are some of Lindsay's favorite things to do between work and school. Lindsay is currently working toward her dream of becoming an outdoor journalist and photographer.

Daniel Milton

English/Philosophy Senior
Daniel enjoys reading, writing, discussing philosophy and theology and watching Family Guy. His many awards include First Place in a Birmingham Coloring Contest in 1st grade as well as the coveted "Good Try" Certificate during his brief tennis stint in high school. He plans on attending law school next fall at University of North Carolina and putting off the real world for a few more years.

Danielle Ward

Apparel Merchandising Senior
Danielle enjoys volunteering and says her most rewarding experience at Auburn so far has been being a Project Uplift Big Sister. In her free time, Danielle likes to read, attempt to cook, and be creative. When she graduates she plans on working as a Visual Merchandiser and trying to start up a Dress for Success in her area.

Elizabeth Gray

Communications Junior
Elizabeth's hobbies include painting, traveling, and cooking. Elizabeth is interested in philanthropic activities such as volunteering weekly at Storybook Farm and helping her social sorority raise money for The Ronald McDonald Charities. After graduation, Elizabeth plans to work in nonprofit development.

Elli Langford

Journalism Freshman
Elli enjoys getting in trouble with her parents and being told on by her little sister. She also has a good time trying new things like waterskiing and has even competed in a competition with the Auburn Waterski team. In the future she hopes to become an international journalist for American-based papers.

Eve Harmon

English Senior
Eve's hobbies are taking photos, scribbling stories and snippets of poems. Her dreams are to avoid jobs in small cubicles, to travel extensively, to become an international sensation by winning a slew of awards, to have movies based on her life, and to have a happier ending than Sylvia Plath.

Jennie Bodenhamer

Spanish/Communications Sophomore
Jennie loves photography, drawing, and painting when she finds some spare time. Jennie finds her passion in studying the Spanish language, and one day hopes to be a high school Spanish teacher.





Katy Donaldson

Journalism Sophomore
Katy's creative writing class in high school made her truly enjoy reading and writing poetry and fiction. She was on the staff of her high school's magazine and served as editor her senior year. In her free time, Katy loves being active in her sorority, getting coffee with friends, and playing tennis.

Kendra Carter

Journalism Junior
In her spare time, Kendra enjoys reading books and magazines and volunteering for The Auburn Plainsman, where she has currently published 15 articles. She is currently employed by the Foy Student Union Information Desk, but she aspires to someday be a staff writer for Vanity Fair.

Laurel Kostakis

Pre-Med Freshman
Laurel pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma and is involved in other school activities. She hopes to attend medical school after graduation from Auburn University.

Lauren Davidson

Journalism Freshmen
Lauren Davidson is a member of Delta Gamma sorority. She spends her time serving in various community service projects and has worked on a mission team aiding urban towns in Kenya, Africa. Lauren plans to use her journalism career in Southern Progress after graduating from Auburn.

Lauren English

Graphic Design Sophomore
Lauren has won several awards for both her writing and artistic accomplishments. She is particularly fond of painting and writing short stories. Lauren is involved in several other campus organizations, activities, and honor societies.

Maria Toro

Communication Junior
Maria enjoys Photography and being an active member of the Auburn University student body and her sorority. Her love for Photography began in High School when her family traveled to Europe giving her the opportunity to take beautiful and exotic snapshots. She one day hopes to become travel photographer.

Tim Byrd

American Literature Senior
Tim is a Senior pursuing a career in composition. He enjoys writing, playing music, fall weather, Japanese food, and girls with long names

Maria Toro

Communication Junior
Maria enjoys Photography and being an active member of the Auburn University student body and her sorority. Her love for Photography began in High School when her family traveled to Europe giving her the opportunity to take beautiful and exotic snapshots. She one day hopes to become travel photographer.

Mary Russ

English Freshman
Mary Russ has been doing 35 mm photography for several years and has recently branched into digital photography as well. Upon graduation Mary plans to join the Peace Corps and work on the novel that has been brewing in her head for years.

Megan Sajjadih

English/Political Science Senior
Megan is very involved in Sigma Kappa Sorority, Impact, and Pi Lambda Sigma. She also tutors students in math and English and is a volunteer dance teacher at a local dance school. After graduating from Auburn, she plans on joining the Peace Corps, going to law school, and eventually publishing her own book.

Meghan Howell

Interior Design Senior
Meghan is pursuing a career in Interior Design where she will be able to use design to influence the every day lives of others. She has been over seas several times and has visited over ten different countries, and hopes to be able to continue experiencing other cultures and meeting new people in the future.

Nathan Wagner

English/Philosophy Senior
Nathan's hobbies are reading, photography, and writing, but his greatest passion has always been studying films and filmmaking, and he has written a number of critically interpretive film essays. Future plans include studying abroad in Italy for summer 2007, and then attending graduate school for English.

Samantha Tashman

Secondary English Education Junior
Samantha's photographs won the Congressional Art Competition and hung in the House of Representatives for one year. She also has dreams to sell free lance pieces and to one day publish a novel of her own.

Sarah Adams

Industrial Design/Fine Arts First year
Sarah is often found scribbling away in a sketchbook and notebook. One day she thinks she will actually make her own graphic novel. She likes visiting Five Points in Atlanta and many other places that are neither Auburn nor Alabama.

Terran Wilson

Architecture Junior
In her spare time, Terran loves to learn new trades. She is currently learning to screen print at Standard Deluxe and is pursuing an apprenticeship in bookmaking. Her favorite author is Flannery O'Connor. She wants serve those who are in need, wherever that may take her.

Vicki Johnson

Journalism Freshman
Vicki is currently involved in Delta Gamma sorority and is a Soccer Sweetheart. Vicki's future goals include moving to New York to write for a fashion magazine, continuing to travel around the world, and photography.

Whitney Cowart

Public Relations Junior
Whitney is working on developing her skills in marketing, fund-raising and publicity for her future career in development. She hopes to work with non-profit organizations and tries incorporate artistic touches to her advertising techniques to reach the public in the most effective way possible.

Joshua Swindle

Graphic Design Senior
Joshua is working on his graphic design degree and plans working in either New York or Atlanta upon graduation.

Patrick Weatherly

English Senior
Patrick plans to further his education in writing and literature. Current interests include: documentary film, postmodern theory, modernist/postmodern literature and jazz. Patrick recently spent time in Camerano, Italy where he participated in a media project that explored the culture of rural Italian life.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank Auburn University faculty and staff for your support:

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Deborah Dorman, Payments and Procurement

Carl Leon Ross, Foy Union Staff

Art Department

Board of Student Communications

Digital Resource Lab

English Department

Journalism Department

Architecture Department

Department of Consumer Affairs

Interior Design Department

Business Manager Bayu Prakosa

Web designer Ricky Lee Whittemore II

SUBMISSIONS

We take submissions in prose, poetry, design, fine art, graphic design & illustration, fiction & non-fiction literature, fashion design, interior design and any other documentable literary/art forms. Any student, alumni, faculty, and staff may submit to the Circle. Even if you miss the deadline for the semester, we will hold onto your submissions for the next issue.

WAYS TO SUBMIT

For art, design, photography

On a CD or other electronic storage device as a high resolution .JPEG, .TIF, PDF format image file. All images must have 300 dpi (dots per inch) resolution or greater due to printing resolution. Any photo submission less than 300 dpi will not be used. Submissions may also be e-mailed to acircle@auburn.edu. Make sure to save files as your name and the title. Label CD separately with your name, title, and e-mail. Also be sure to turn in your submission waiver to The Circle office.

For literature

Microsoft Word Document (.DOC) file

You can submit your submissions either electronically via email to acircle@auburn.edu or in person to the Circle office:

Student Publications Suite
Foy Student Union

If you have any questions, please call the Circle office at 334.844.4122 or e-mail at acircle@auburn.edu

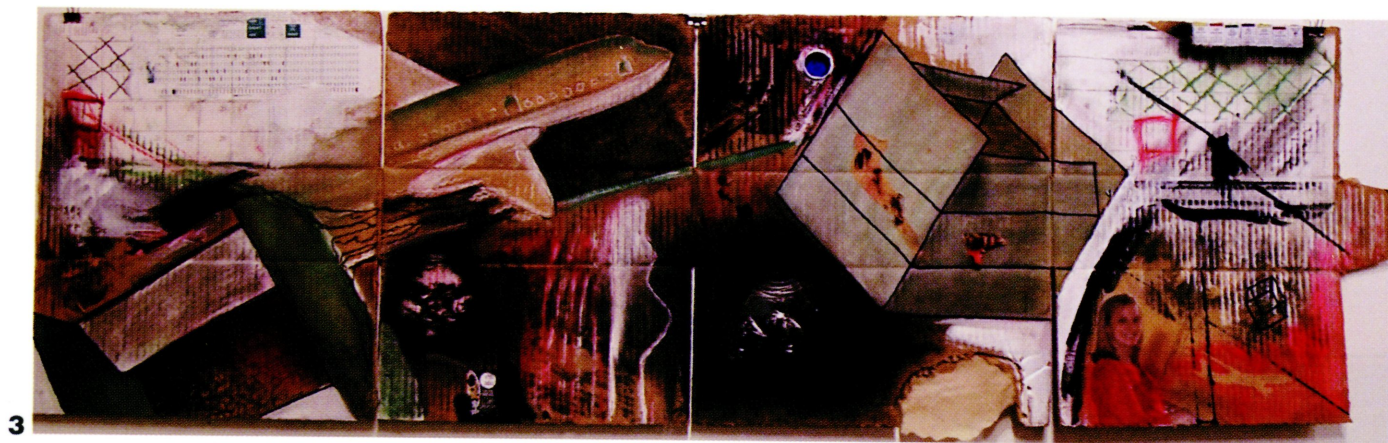
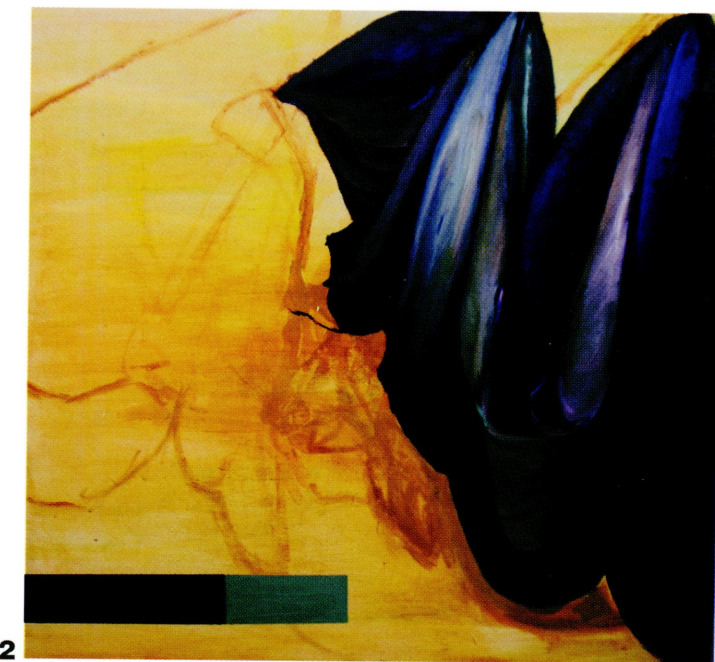
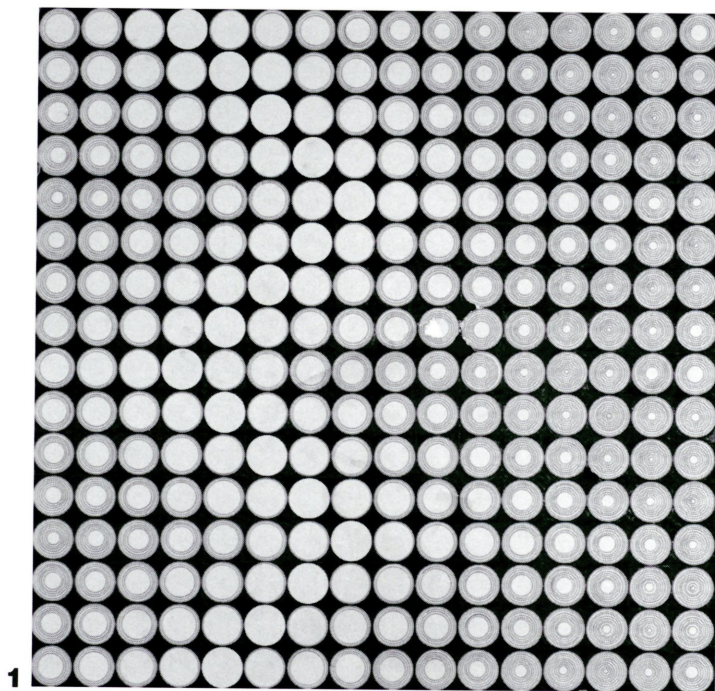


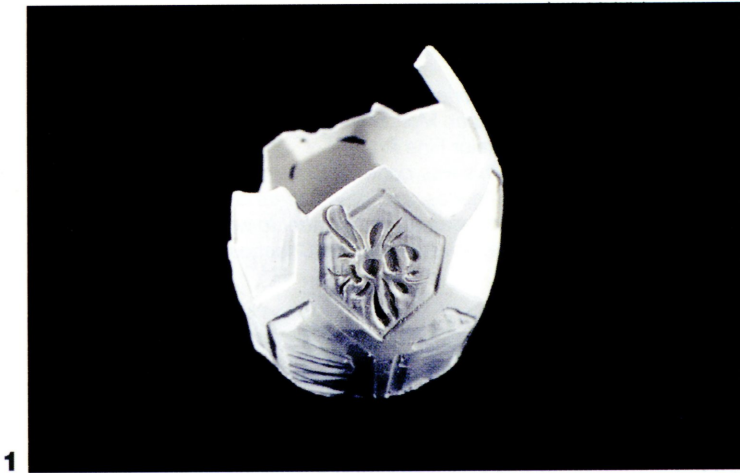
art

- 1** *Circles*
 Lauren Rader
 Liberal Arts Junior
"I tried to create movement with this piece by using the simplest of design elements-circles"

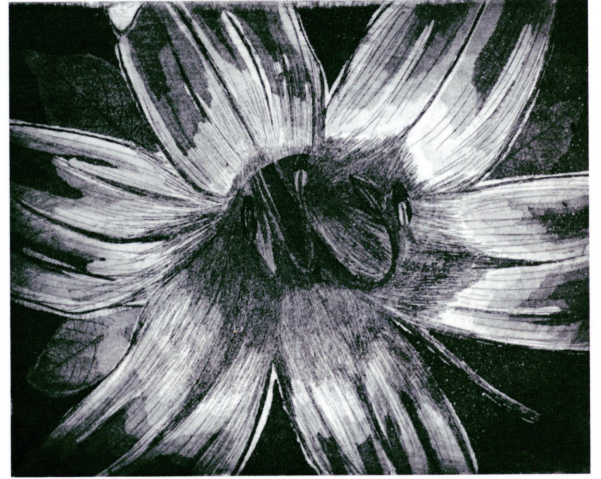
- 2** *Untitled*
 Ashley Bradford
 Fine Arts Junior

- 3** *Anticipation*
 Stephen DeVries
 Fine Arts Senior
"This is a project about the feeling of anticipation, and images associated with that feeling. My goal was to create a collage of images and objects that would create a sense of anticipation in my viewers."





1



2



3

1 *Honeycomb*
Rachel Evans
Senior Fine Arts

2 *Bending Blossom*
Lauren Rader
Junior Liberal Arts
"This piece to me is about contrast and the perception of light and dark elements."

3 *Ballerina*
Jennifer Isenburg
Senior Architecture
"This was drawn originally as a sketch of a friend who was playing Cinderella in the ballet. " Ballet puts a high emphasis on the lines drawn by the body, it seemed fitting that decoration should be limited mainly to manipulated lines when drawing the dancer. Color is used in an enhancement of the lines and to put greater importance on the figure's precise pose."

1



1 Shadow's Ghost

Jenni Dumas

Junior

Pre-Graphic Design

"This piece was a class assignment for Drawing II. It is the third drawing in a series based on a single still life. The objective was to create a piece based on childhood memories or experiences, evoked from the previous drawings in the series."

2 Cheerio

Branan Mercer

Senior Fine Art

"This was done for Drawing I. We had a few Cheerios, and glued them on a note card. This was an assignment to work with the negative around the Cheerios."

3 Circles 2

Jarett Johnson

Senior Fine Arts

"This was the beginnings of my circle series. I took a photo and applied some filters with an image manipulation program. The inspiration arose from the circle itself."

4 Rhythms and Tensions

Terran Wilson

Architecture Junior

"I studied block, strip, and log cabin quilting techniques. Using philosophies Mozell Benson expressed, I collaged materials I thought were beautiful to create a quilt of my own. It to the scaled down proportions of a full bed, because this is how Mozell quilts. I think it expresses the "rhythms and tensions"--terms expressed in reading I studied for this project-- apparent in quilts vernacular to the South. Assigned by my studio professors as a "collage of my OWN 'quilt.'" It was to be "layered with any meaningful materials" I wanted to use. It is mounted on a half sheet of Arches, with vertical orientation, on a 1'-0"=1" scale."

5 Audrey

Laurie Anne Johnson

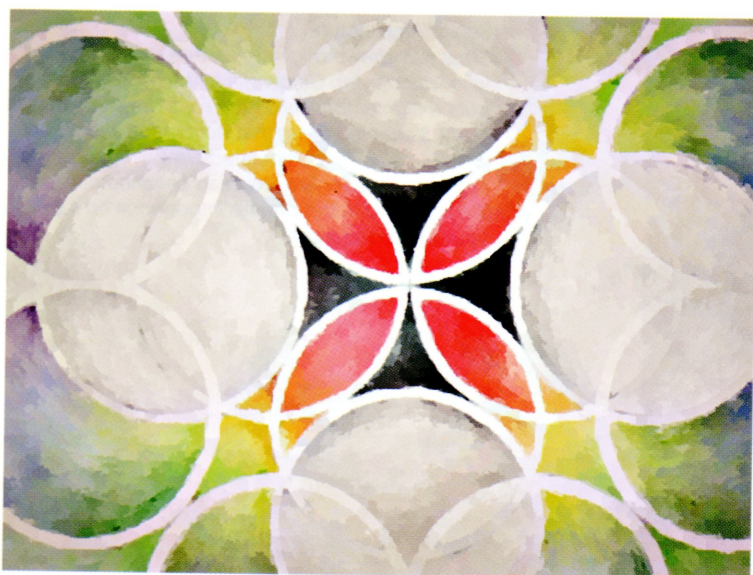
Fine Art Junior

"This piece was inspired by the idea, purpose, physical shape and functionality of a box. My thought process started specifically with engagement ring boxes which led to the famous jewelry store Tiffany's and made its way to Audrey Hepburn in the movie "Breakfast At Tiffany's". This was a project for my Drawing 2 class. We were asked to find a cardboard box and create a piece of art on or out of it while being inspired by the box itself."

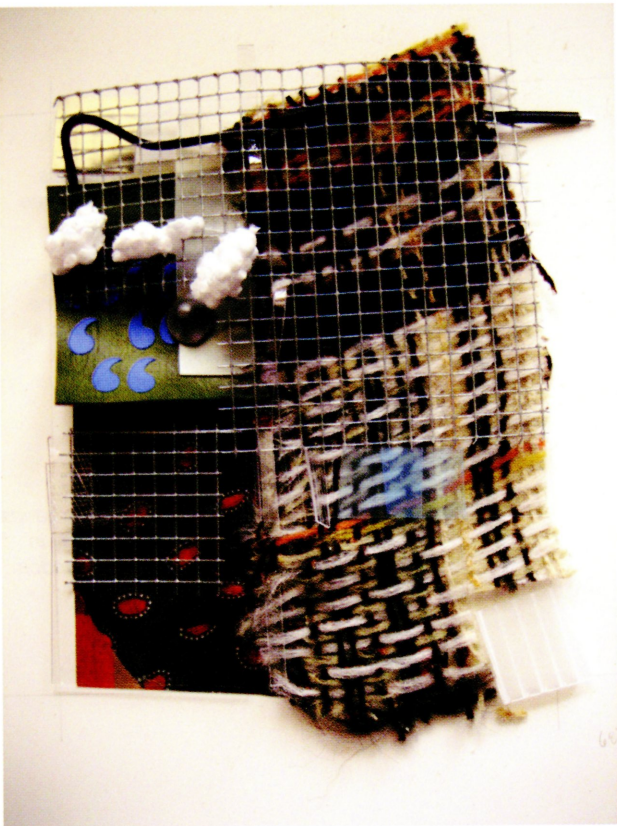
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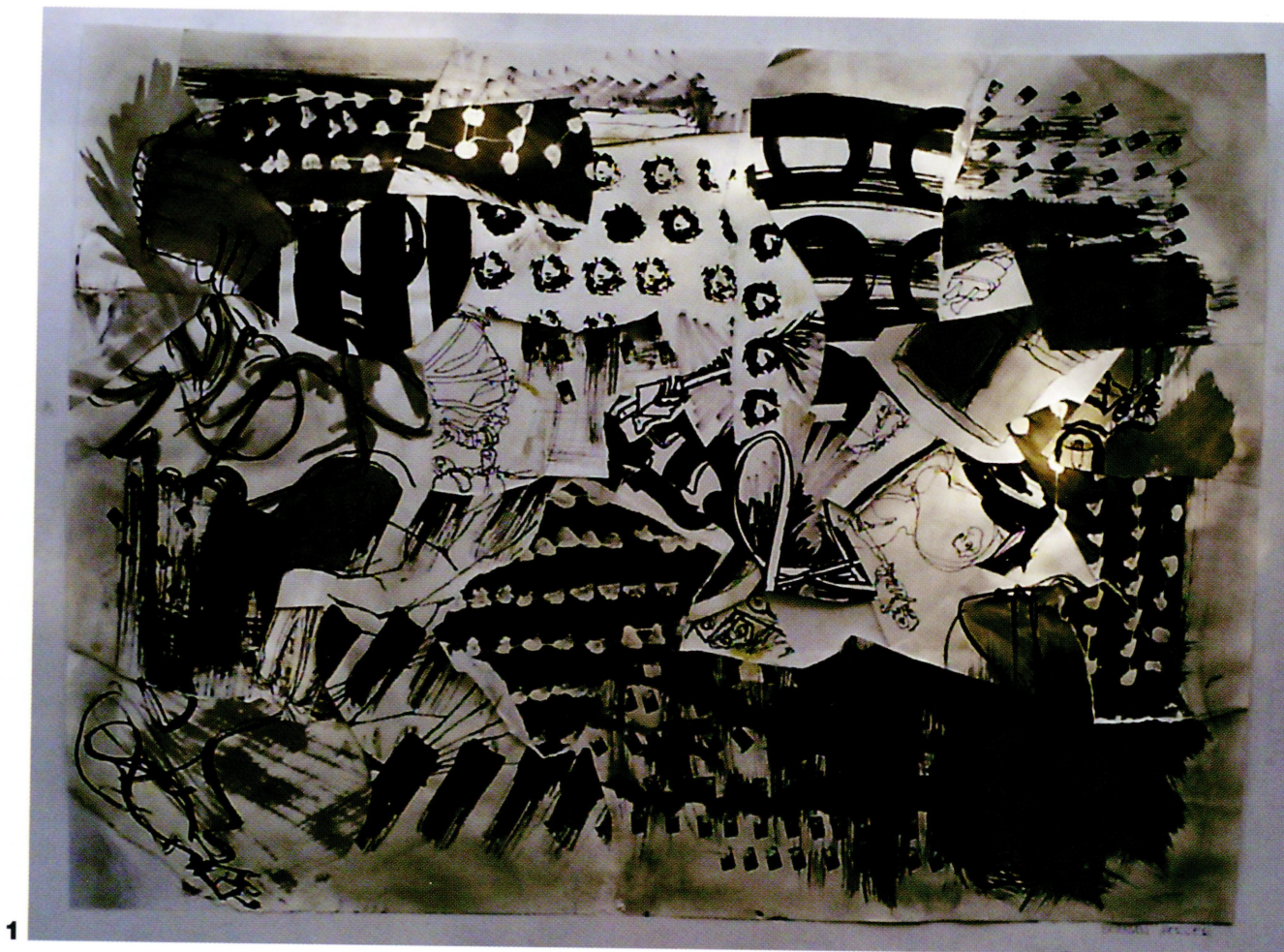


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- 1** *City Lights*
 Branan Mercer
 Fine Art Senior
"This assignment was for my Drawing II class. We were instructed to draw three objects, three different times, and a few pages of just background textures. We then had to rip, or cut everything into different size pieces and then reassemble them on a large board. The name City Lights came from the window like forms at the suggestion of classmates."
- 2** *Father's Sacrifice*
 Lindsey Barnett
 Apparel Design Junior
"I actually painted the majority of it with my hands and fingers; if you look closer (and probably in person) you can see that it textured with random hand prints."

1 *Emily's Abstract*

Will Parker

Interior Design/Marketing Junior

"An abstract piece that always is a good rest from realism. My mind can only handle so much realism, so an abstract piece is a good break. This piece is executed with an deep yellow drip background. This caused all of the other color's to appear rustic and antique. From there I just had a little fun with the shapes and so on."

2 *Risky Business*

Will Parker

Interior Design/Marketing Junior

"This piece is one that is used for my amusement. I always have been fascinated with the definition of beauty and I tried thinking of who was a beautiful woman in today's day and age. Marilyn came to mind and tried playing with how I could define her beauty in an abstract way. So out came the look of a clown."

3 *Georgina*

Will Parker

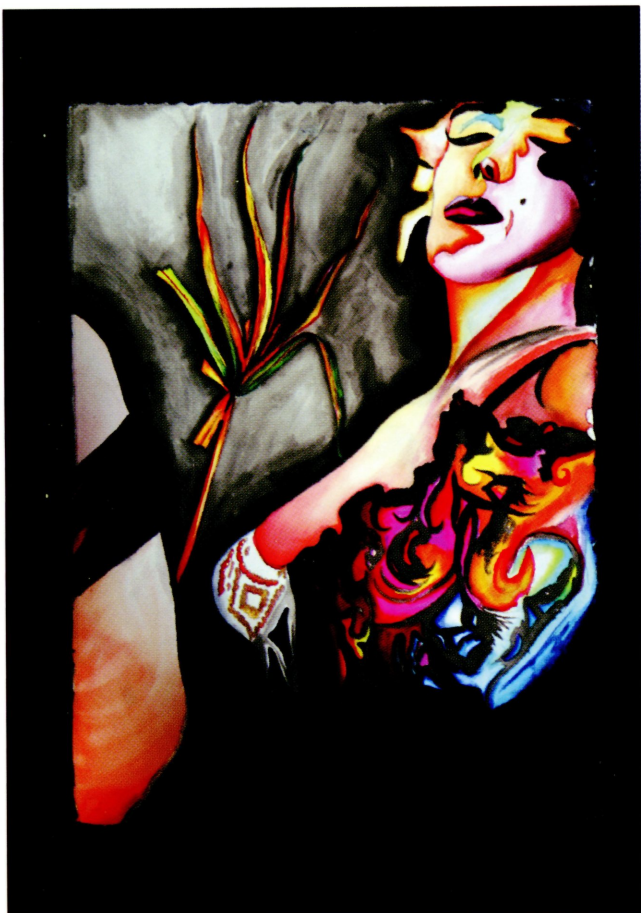
Interior Design/Marketing Junior

"Once again, I've always been fascinated with a women's feature and how she can manipulate her look to define herself. Portrait's and eyes have always been something that interest me."



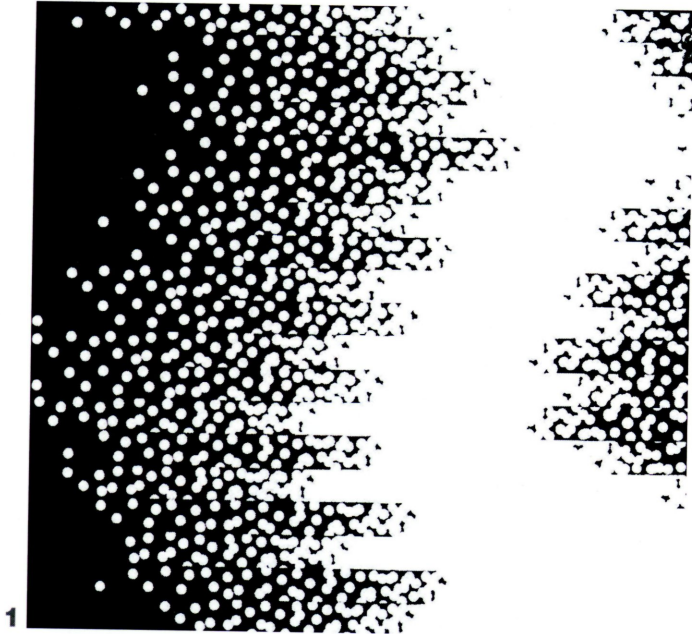
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1 Gradation

Matt Davis

Graphic Design Junior

"A 2D design project emphasizing the use of gradation. The piece consists of a 14-step gradation from completely black to completely white. The gradation is repeated throughout the piece, though not always in its exact order or arrangement. A major Inspiration was the bubbles or carbonation in a beverage."

2 Figure Study

Laurie Anne Johnson

Fine Art Junior

"Oil paint applied with palette knife

This was an observational study of the human figure. The human figure is such a complex and unique subject that forces one to really look at and study the subject in order to draw it accurately."

3 The White Dress

Lauren Mikus

Interior Design Freshman

"A woman in a flowing white dress on a summer afternoon. This was assigned in my art 2: drawing, painting, and printmaking class. We had to choose one technique of drawing to depict a picture. Since the theme was movement, I chose the cross contour technique to accentuate the flowing dress."



2

3

1



1 On My Way To Little Rock

Laurie Anne Johnson

Fine Art Junior

"This was painted from a photograph that I took while driving to Little Rock, AR. The sky was very cloudy but the setting sun was just peaking through the clouds. The sunsets in Arkansas are very beautiful. This was a familiar drive and scene that I wanted to capture in a painting. My inspiration came from different artists that used the palette knife to apply the paint and create texture on the surface."

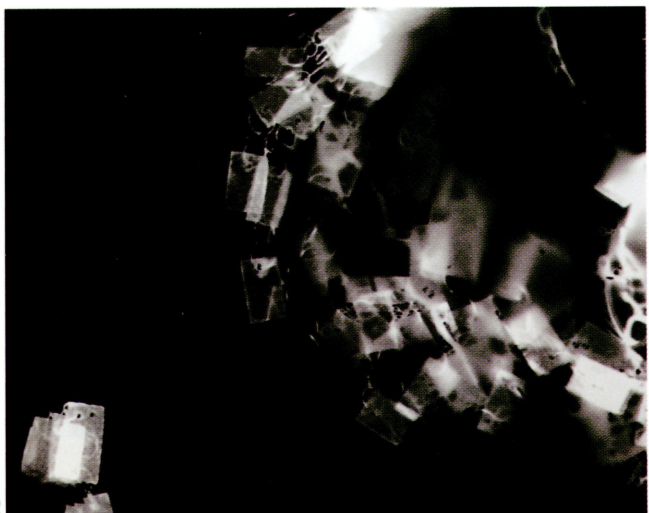
2 The Greatest Challenge

Joshua Swindle

Graphic Design Senior

"This is a photogram from my photodesign class. I choose to experiment with a wind chime because of its transparent characteristics. I wanted to create a normal figure with a huge enemy looking down on its prey. The scale of the two figures was important in conveying the sense of danger."

2



3 The Explosion of Light

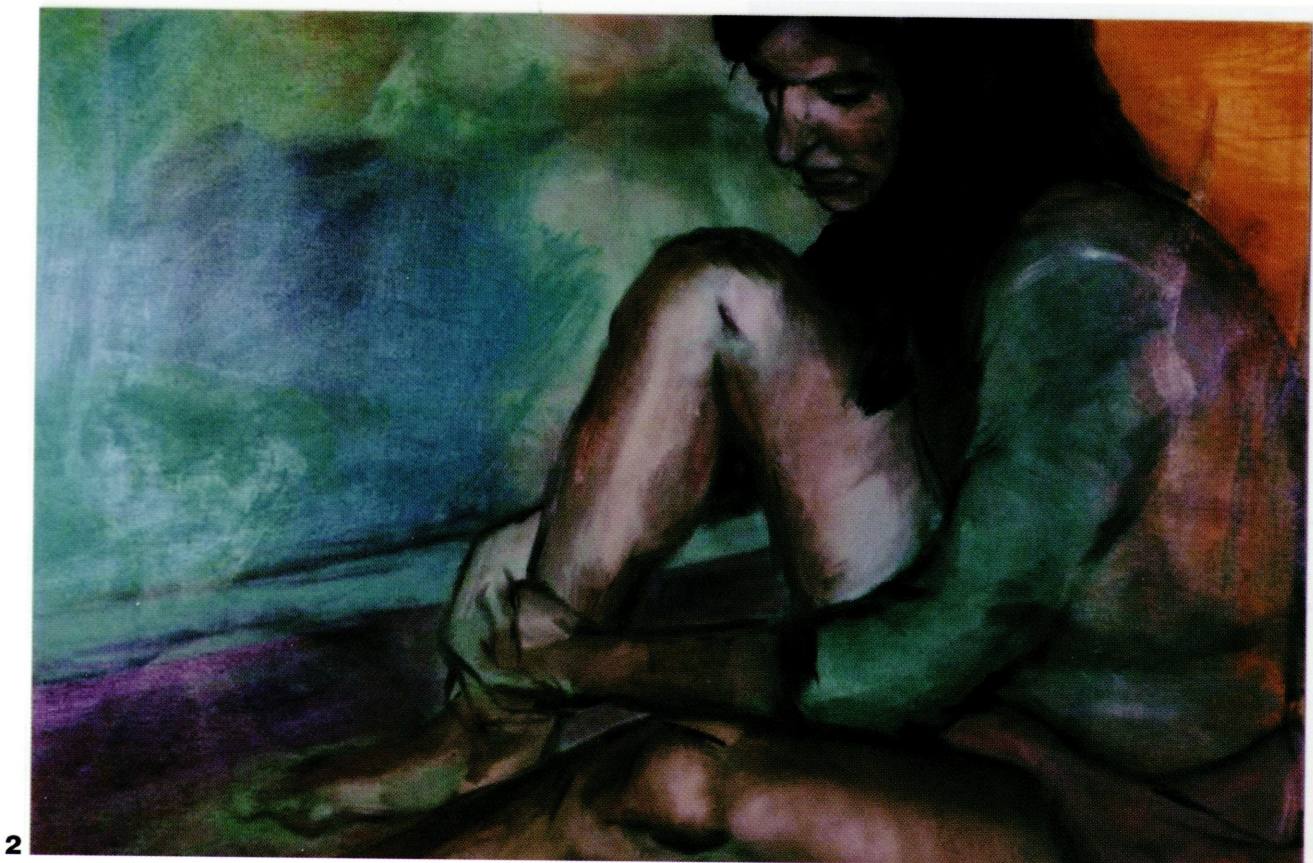
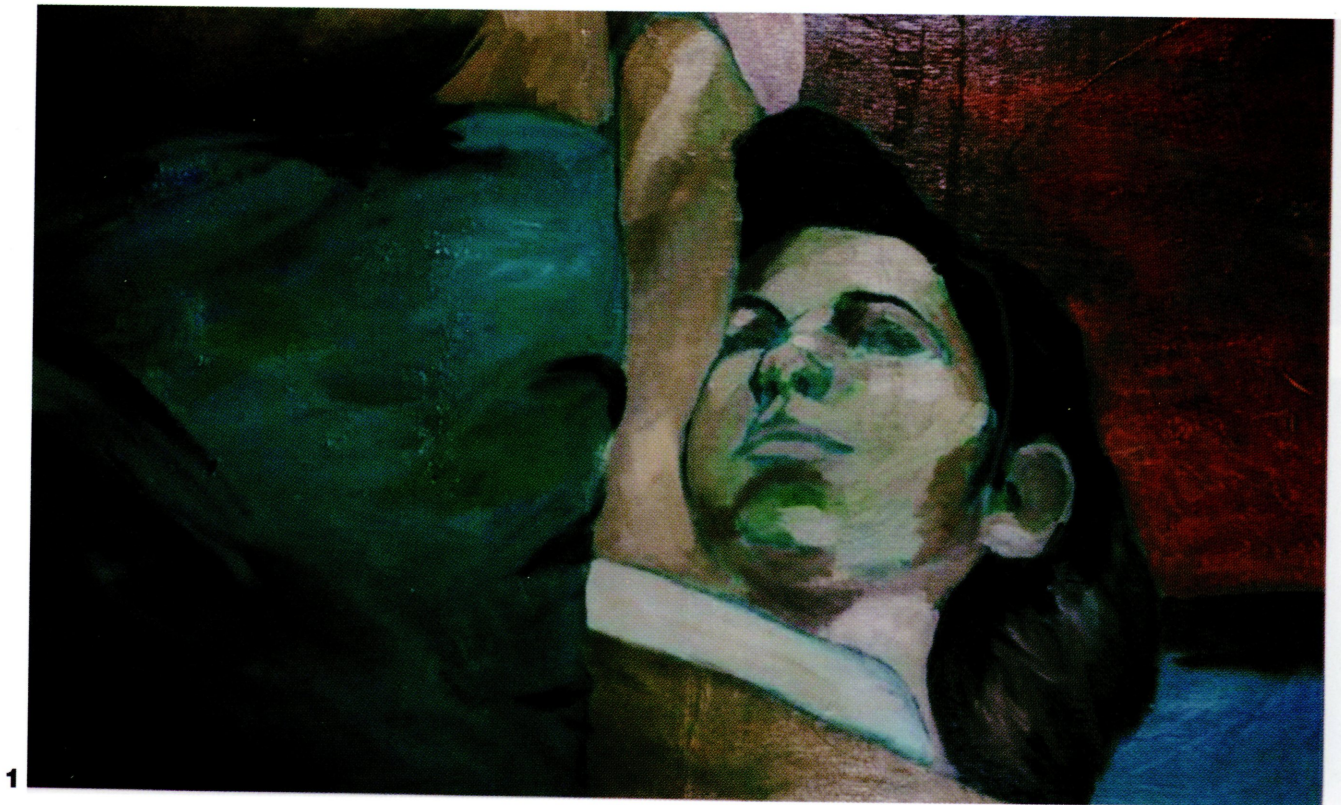
Joshua Swindle

Graphic Design Senior

"This drawing is done with only pen and ink on bristol board. The assignment was to create a scene depicting a transition of order to chaos."

3





1 *Girl Lying Down With Green Skirt and Red Pillow*

Kate Bradley
Fine Art Senior

"This is a portrait of a girl sleeping and the colors she sees in her dreams that become part of her surroundings. I took this photograph of my sister and was so captured by the composition and the colors that I wanted to bring it onto the canvas and intensify it."

2 *Girl Sitting With Her Legs Stretched Out.*

Kate Bradley
Fine Art Senior

"I wanted to capture a moment in time: to portray a person lost in thought and the vivid and vibrant colors through which she sees the world."

3 *Grided Face Looking at the Viewer*

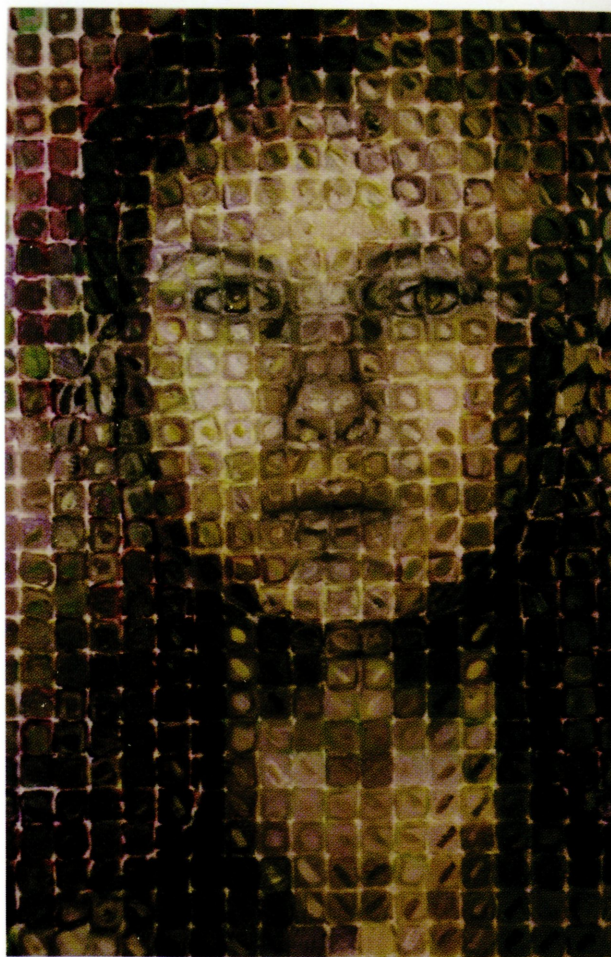
Kate Bradley
Fine Art Senior

"Self-portrait grided into sections. Each tiny square is an individual shape and color that all combine together to form a larger object. I was inspired by Chuck Close's famous portraits. I liked the variety of colors he uses and the directness of each of his subject's posture and facial expressions and sought to emulate that."

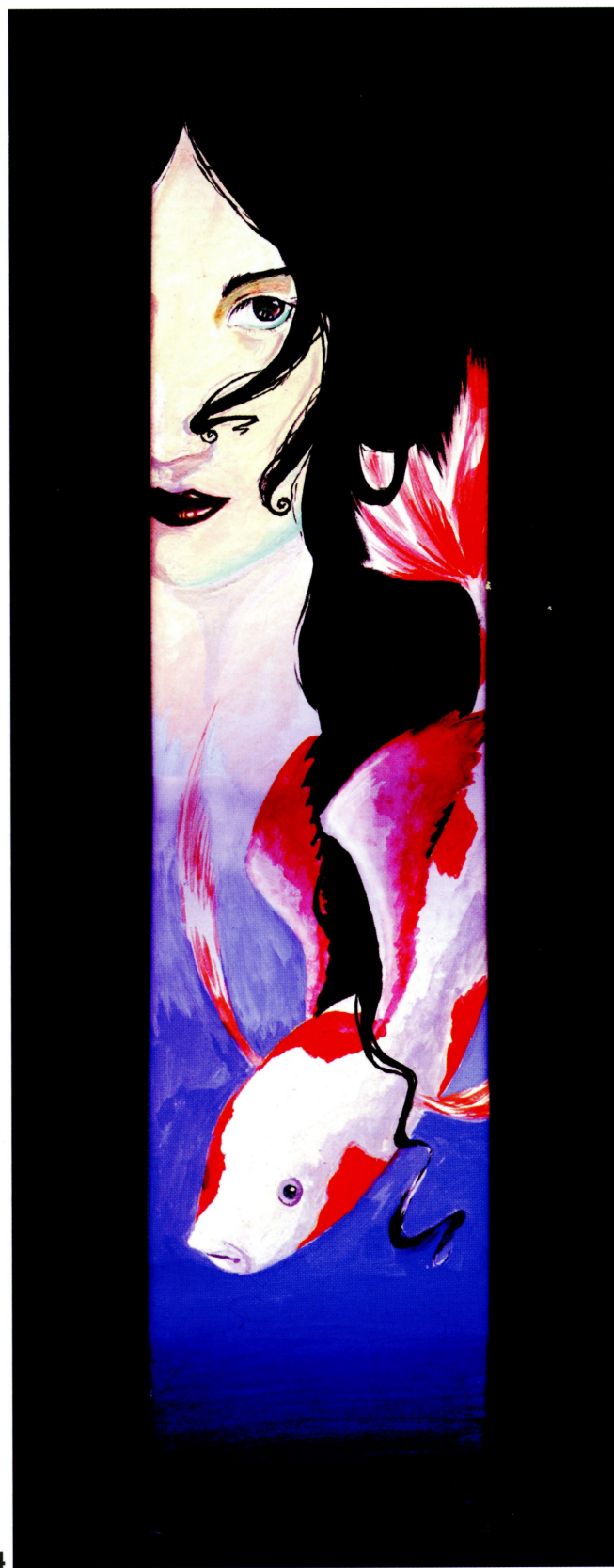
4 *Koibito*

Christine Wu
Industrial design Freshman

"Ever since I was little, I have always loved feeding the koi that live in the tanks of Chinese restaurant. I not only wanted to capture their grace, but to make that beauty able to travel through all mediums (not just water). The girl is a remnescent of my youthful pastime of peering through the tank glass, and the blue represents the air and water that the fish is now able to travel through."



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1 "Hey Jude"

Lauren Mikus

Interior Design Freshman

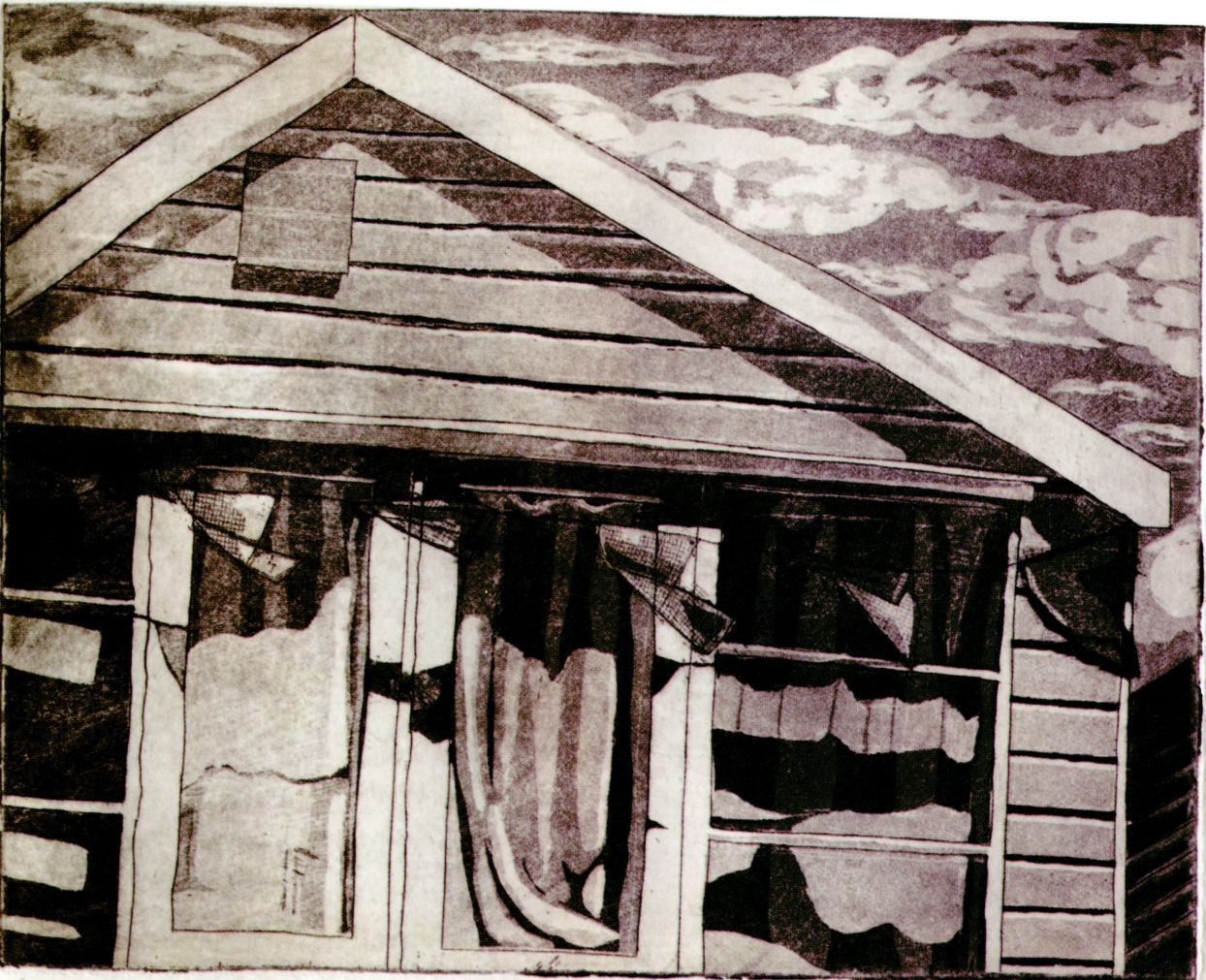
This was also a project for my drawing, painting, and print-making class. The assignment was to illustrate your favorite song (The Beatles song "Hey Jude" was my choice). I took a figurative line of the song and depicted it literally."

2 Shadow House

Cile Major

Fine Art Junior

2



Cile Major

2/10

October 6, 2006



{literature}

A Superficial Difference

Jacob Smith

Undeclared Sophomore

"One of the ways I write poetry is by collecting little phrases that I hear or make up."

You equals I
only a superficial difference
both have Divinity lost
created to die
shared sorrow
incomplete, together

a superficial difference
creative energies—
Rainbows in the sawdust
a piece of antique furniture
life breathed in

Equinox of the Butterfly

Channon Bailey

Business Junior

"When I write, I tend to get into a zone where everything seems to flow."

Gentle woman, little woman,
Queen Bee of the sweetest cherry tree
Divine canary, celestial wine of Seven Seas
Men that seek you, can't conceive you
Only Atlantis fills your heart's cup so true...
Bordeaux lady, debutante baby,
Chimerical dreams of the deep blue sky
Beautiful people,
Blue Bloods from the steeple
The Evening Star, you're the number five
Oceans will part, but the pretty will cry...
Mademoiselle, painted woman, nightly caravels
Frosty waters turned your heart stone cold
Black gold; white gold, fat of the land,
Cookies are jaded, and blood on the sands
Persian kitties stole your nests' egg, your
Golden goose, stolen by the foreign roughleg
Drink the marinade, and put salt in the water
Bread, chips, powder, peppers and pearls
Ashes and ashes incur no more...

A Leaky Sink

AK Davis

Fine Arts Freshman

"The 'you' in this story refers to someone I knew for a while but don't talk to anymore. I guess the inspiration came from something he said to me once."

There are footprints in the concrete
that will never go away
and I hope whoever made them
smiles as they pass by.
Well, there's no 'I' in team
but there's no 'I' in my name or yours
and what does that have to do with anything?
I mean, it's always about you either way.
But I've got words pouring out of my mouth
and I guess it's only a matter of time before you hear them.
I think about calling your number
just to see if it's still yours
but if it was, I wouldn't have anything to say
so I guess that's why I don't.
There must have been two hundred pictures in that box
and what did you do with them?
(I burned my copies.)
I remember you asking when the story would be finished
and I said, there's no deadline on it, baby.
But of course, the deadline was in December.
I changed everything about myself
so that it would be easier for you to hate me
since I was never perfect anyway.
So even though I don't have a clue who I am now
and I feel like a stranger all the time,
I think I owed you that.
I guess I'm just a leaky sink
dripping words one right after the other
singing for you to hear.
(I hope you feel better. do you feel better?)
Well, everyone's a liar
and I guess that includes me
but when you handed me your yearbook
with that look on your face that said
you expected me to write "I love you",
I just signed my name
and gave it back to you
so I guess you can break bad habits after all.
And now all you can do is point
and say that I'm speaking in lyrics
singing the blues for one reason or another
but I've got this routine down:
first, then, next, after
and then you start all over again
but nothing ever really gets done.
So I just sit and put my fingers in my ears
thinking, If I can just disappear,
everything will be fine.
But eventually I hear someone talking
and take my fingers out of my ears
and the world explodes around me.
I blink, confused
and try my best to focus
but everything is so unclear.
Well, they say you only remember the dreams you want to
but that you fantasize every night.
Well kid, we tried for a long time,
but in the end, it was all only in dreams.
Don't you remember when I told you that
I liked the way you said "secrets"?
and you said, baby, that's always been our problem.
and I just smiled and said, don't call me baby.

And it Took the Burn of Strangers

Trey Wood

Journalism Senior

"The inspiration for this piece was the story of how my girlfriend and I met. It seems that as our relationship has grown we have taken other roads past our addictions together with each other as our own inspirations. This is our story."

And in the closing of the night,
And in the burning of the sands,
All was created out of light,
All was made in its hands.

It looked at us and smiled.
They frowned at our transgressions
For the burn had been mild.
A step in our progressions.

They steeped themselves in sedatives.
They aww in graceful awe.
It's you that makes them relatives.
All in wonder at sugared Shangri-La.

I cry not for them.
I shout out in repose.
Blessed are the weak at hem.
Better safe than clothes.

And the love that flowed my veins
Came pouring out amongst the rains.
And the blood then covered all the reins
And the lengthy field of sugar canes.

Dad Leaves for War

Tawnysha Lynch

English Senior

"I wrote this poem while remembering the night my dad left for two years in Iraq."

He laces his boots and zips
His bag, a gun slung
Over his shoulder and hugs me
Goodbye, his vest pressing
Against my chest, heavy and bulletproof.

His helmet's chin strap scrapes
My ear as he whispers, "Be strong."
His calloused hands take mine
And our eyes meet as I pull away.
Our touch lingers.

Upstairs, I watch the planes
Carrying troops across my window, flying
Over the flickering lights of Frankfurt
Towards Baghdad, fading into the night.

The next morning, his running shoes slept
By the front door, his black socks

Tin feet

Autumn McGahan

Nursing Sophomore

"I had woken up from the weirdest dream and the only way I could explain it was through this poem."

Tin feet crash down on cold pavement
Like the beat of an iron heart

Turned heads look towards integrity and honor
With piercing eyes that slice the fog

Barked orders resonate through the hollow
With a buzz where the soul should be

Turned guns and full-force salute snap and chatter
Like the sound of metal teeth

Silent blood seeps from their injured brothers
To fill the hollow with courage and gore

Broken spirits are replaced with pride and loyalty
Where a loving heart had been before

The Lady, the Minstrel, and the King

Anna Elmore

English Freshman

*"I thought a poem set back in the days
of kings, queens, and extravagant ballgowns
would be fun to write."*

The lady wore a scarlet dress,
Though not the type for lavishness
The only other thing she wore:
A simple mask of blackest pure.
She glided down the cobbled street,
Silent on her slippered feet;
Casting shadows on the wall;
Heading to the masked ball.
She entered through the open door
And stared upon the crowded floor.
She, spying not a human face
Gathered up her skirts of lace
And slowly tiptoed down the stair,
Stopping by the ladies there.
They greeted her with flashing teeth,
Though shrewdly whispered underneath.
She passed them by with gracious smile
Caring not for wicked guile,
When spotted she a flash of gold
Amidst the splash of colors bold.
She ventured forth into the crowd,
The music playing fast and loud,
And gave a curtsy to the king;
She kissed him on his ruby ring,
He smiled at her, blue eyes intent,
And asked a dance it she'd relent.
They twirled across the marble floor,
Colors blurring in their tour.
Stopping, she began to blush
For held to close the room did hush.
He smiled as she withdrew her hand,
His gaze was like a fiery brand.
She slipped away to catch her breath
And felt a chill like frozen death,
For when she glanced up from her feet,
That piercing stare did she meet.
She turned and tripped and nearly fell,
But was caught up by a minstrel.
She thanked him with a grateful grin
Then stepped away, confused within;
For when she had looked upon his face
She felt her heart begin to race.
Unlike the rest he wore no mask,
For music was his only task.
His smile was innocent, pure, unfeigned,
As if inside he were unchained.
The Lady found herself entranced
By his kind words, un-enhanced
By the dialogue of vogue,
Common to the noble rogue.
She talked to him an hour's length
And found in him the rarest strength.

Cared he not for wealth or fame
Or living only by his name.
He traveled near and wandered far,
For music was his guiding star.
Too soon another came his way
And he was called upon to play.
She found that she was unprepared
To become once more ensnared
By the king in a steely grip
And taken for another trip
Around the floor with twirling skirt,
The king becoming unwanted flirt.
He bragged of power and his land;
Held tighter to her tiny hand.
He said that she could be his queen,
An adornment for the mighty king.
And those around did grin and sigh,
Plotting for a new ally.
She could not answer, merely choke,
She wanted to escape this smoke.
For the crowd became like fire,
Making her escape more dire,
Until she glimpsed that minstrel's face,
His bright blue eyes and smiling grace.
And then she knew what she must do,
So to his side she hither flew.
Then with his hand in hers she fled,
She, only but a blur of red,
Out the door and into night,
Guided by the full moon's light.
She chose the minstrel o'er the king
- Such a strange, unusual thing!
She cut her mask off with a knife,
Her choice of love meant freedom, life!

Summer Storm

Kathy Taylor

English Senior

*"I thought about a couple, who was trying
to have a picnic, but was interrupted by
a thunderstorm."*

Fat raindrops splat
on the picnic table,
red and white checkered pattern drenched.
My white dress is dirty and damp.
We hold hands,
run to the outstretched oak.
Louder rumbles, hard strikes.
We squeeze the tree tight
until our fingernails break the bark.
Clarity.
Blue clouds bubble over grey.
Little wet globes reflect us
as together
we lift and shake the soaked cloth.

Graceless We Fall

Brad Acton

English / History Senior

*"There is a grace we have forgotten,
however, and in this grace I find great hope.
Otherwise, I would truly be 'graceless.'"*

Can there be such forgiveness
Bordered with the sins of who I am,
Ringed with despair in old sunsets
That promised me no salvation.

In quiet mornings on cold dawns
Glass shimmers with broken blades
Set deep in a horizon I
Dreamed to see.

That was long ago, before I lost
Sight, and the blind nature of humanity
Struck me deep in here, shut away
From your promises, and a free salvation.

Sangha Sunset

Barbara Michael

Education/MA Art History 1975/1977

*"Our spiritual essence has always been at the
core of my thought and being."*

Sangha sunset sings to me,
Loving chants pierce my soul,
Singing perfumed songs of destiny.
Dharma this, Nirvana that,
Whisper sweet somethings of brilliance and light,
Laughter and sighs of peaceful delight.

Frost

Brad Acton

English / History

*"This is an expression of the maddening
apathy so many people express in the actions
that continuously fail to define their beliefs,
specifically of Christ and a coming judgement."*

Sunsets sit near sleeping
When their souls still
Shout for shining,

But what good is light
And darkness when the eyes
Are lost in rhyming?

What hope lies high
And haughty at the paths
Where gods go flying?

So silence what you
Searched and pierce
Your screams with dew;

In the day you'll find
Tomorrows are better
Left unglued.

Still wrapped in chaos
Brimming from a shaking
Star's mad spinning

I'll sit and teach
Those yet not lost,
To cry and die with

Souls of frost.

To Andrew With a Guitar

Valerie Virciglio

English Senior

*"I looked around the room, at the objects,
at Andrew, and just as I asked 'do you have
a guitar?' he picked up a red guitar lying at his
feet and began to play 'Blackbird' by the Beatles."*

Blues Noon.

Folk Tune.

Red Guitar

Strums and swoons

Strapped and slung with hempen braid

A blackbird sings in the dead of night

On a red guitar this afternoon

Blues Noon.

Folk Tune.

Hipster Room

Moss Agate dangles down

To the candy apple guitar sound

Dirty fingernails thrumming strings

I look at mine, pink and clean

Close my eyes and dream

Of dirty nails and a grey guitar

My own small fingers dancing across strings

Blues Noon.

Freespirit Loon

Gypsy Moon

Vigilant above the courtyard of courage

And of cats and acrobats

Who stage carnivals of lunar delight

Daystars who only come out at night

Celebrating love and friendship and life.

Blues Noon

Gypsy Glance

Slow Dance

And we were all engaged all charmed all moved

Damned Saved Torn and Resurrected

To the tempo of our Courtyard Contredanse

Southern Gothic

Andy Frazier

Logistics Senior

*"I have tried to convey a dark sense of
surrealism and of overlapping time and space."*

Standing on the edge of a season

Just about to fall

Driving past shotgun houses

And broken down palaces

Past cemeteries that keep the bones

Of men who never lived

Gothic spires of Kudzu

Rising to heaven

And casting phantasmic shadows

Across roads of dust and gravel

Ghosts of maidens wait

Beneath Magnolia trees

For men in grey

To return from the fields of glory

Cypress and Buck Vine and Cane

Hide the transgressions of generations

Who bled and spilled blood

Onto a grey landscape

And a people who rose

Like a phoenix from the ashes

Only to be swallowed again

By the sea

Rivers of ebony

Carry away secrets

Told in the impenetrable forests

Around blazing fires

Spirits of Cherokee and Choctaw

Glint in the eyes

Of old men

Fading away in nursing homes

And on front porches

Disappearing like their plows and harrows

Swallowed by Blackberry and briar

Doric columns of Oak and Gum

Tower like moss covered sentinels

Above unmarked leaf covered graves

Steel serpents slide along metal veins

Bellowing smoke and screaming

Into the December midnight air

The ominous portent

Of grave-long shadows

Underneath the Willow's arches

Speak of a death soon to come

Colored bottles in the trees

Just outside the window screen

Rattle with the restless spirits

Trying to escape

Back into the night

*"My mother, she is everything and more. Her ambition
shines through me today. I have nothing but respect for her."*

She favors bright colored capris
and smocking
Bic pens and caesar salads,
her hair frizzed out,
fizzing
like the Diet Pepsi
we sucked down
en route to Grandma J's.
She got lost and
we found ourselves
on the other side of Montgomery,
"Don't tell your father I got lost
again."

She's allergic to laundry,
blush and perfume.
"Looks nothing like me"
I'll say to anyone,
with her red hair
and freckled skin.
My dad whistles her Christmas songs,
and asks me "who's baby are you?"
They're a perfect mismatch,
His Zen-calm unfettered
By her fear of
muggers, drunk drivers, tractor trailers,
India, exotic diseases
and the list goes on.

There were times I hated her—
the way she rolled her eyes
and threw her hands up,
her manicured fingertips
and fiery attitude,
she passed on to me.
And I get lost too,
driving to familiar places
all those twisting side streets,
damn one ways, and dead ends.
But after four years of driving,
I've learned to avoid our pot holes,
Like when she tells me to
"stop biting your fingernails"
I simply swerve
to the left.

But I find myself
collapsing
Onto her rearranged sofa,
She brings me a package
of Andes mints,
foil crinkling.
She sits
under a lamp
which illuminates
her scatter of grey roots.
Smocking a little girl's dress,
she listens
as I ramble about room mates—
She slides on her "reading" glasses,
and agrees with everything.

To you, or the city

William Eley

Political Science Senior

*"This poem is a semi-fictional sketch of a
relationship being discovered, then lost, in
the backseat of a big city cab."*

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Good luck,
Be well,

Be not a stranger..
To nights doused with danger,
To strolls down quicksand sidewalks,
And vacant smokey small talk,

Hysteries in concrete canyons,
Neon thick enough to stand in,
Prophets preaching promised lands,
Crowds round mosaic newsstands.

To fears of being Mrs.,
And whiskey breathed winter kisses,
To sunburn found in night light,
And our sheet covered selves at noon time.

In that city that never sleeps
That strapped worn heels back to our feet.
Shuffling souls in yellowed boxes ringing,
The dusty urban symphony all but singing

Good luck, I surely fell.
So long, and fairly well...

A HERO *in the* WAR *of life*

Amy is 20, almost 21. She lives with her mom in a beautiful three-bedroom house with a well-landscaped yard in a nice subdivision. She is in her third year of college at Southern Union, and plans on going to nursing school. She is stunning, even with her hair in a messy ponytail, glasses and no make-up. She is dressed in a T-shirt, scrubs and slippers-- an outfit worn by many college students. Although she looks like thousands of other college girls in this small town of Auburn, she is different. Because behind her bluish-gray eyes, she hides a lifetime of hurt, disappointment and pain. While other girls her age worry about boyfriends, she worries about an ex-fiancé. While they worry about their little sisters getting into their sororities, she worries about her little sister fighting a drug addiction. While they seek advice from their moms, her mom seeks advice from her. While they attended their big brothers' graduations, she attended her brother's funeral. And while their fathers wonder where they are late at night, she wonders where her father is. Amy is not a U.S. soldier, but she has fought many wars. She has not been injured by shrapnel, but she has been injured by words. She never saved anyone's life, but she tries her damndest to, every day. She has never been awarded a Bronze Star or a Purple Heart, but she deserves a closet full. Amy was born into a home with a father and mother who were happy. But the happiness faded fast, and the place where she was supposed to be safest became a war zone. Her dad drank, and then her parents fought. Her mom could not rescue the family. Amy had a sanctuary, though. Her peaceful escape was her grandmother's house. Her grandmother, who she fondly calls Nanny, entertained her as a child when she wanted to escape the battleground. "I think I stayed at my grandmother's house more than my house," said Amy. "When I was at home with my parents, I wanted to be with my grandmother because when my sister and I were there we felt like a family." Amy said that her mom was always motherly, but, even when her father was home he wasn't available as a dad. Amy's parents finally divorced when she was 16. Her dad moved to Biloxi, Miss., and Amy stayed with her mom. He paid child support for her and her younger sister until they each turned 18, but he doesn't help anymore. Amy rarely sees him. Even though her parents called a cease-fire, Amy's wars were far from fought. Rhonda is Amy's mother. She has two children, and, when she finally left Amy's father, she was left with nothing but a house. "You can't eat a house," said Amy's mom with a smile. Rhonda never went to college. That's why she pushes Amy in her college classes. She repeats over and over throughout the visit that she wants Amy to go to college so she can support herself. She doesn't want her to be like her...not like her. "I don't want her to ever have to rely on a man," said Rhonda, picking up a broom to sweep the front porch, which was already spotless. Amy's mother was stuck in a painful marriage for 20 years because of money, and she doesn't want that for her children. She does the best she can for her two daughters, but Amy is often more of a sister than a daughter to her mother. I don't know what I'd do without her," Rhonda said, glancing in Amy's direction. "She's the strong one in the family." Amy is strong, but she has wounds from other wars, too. Wounds that she has kept tightly bandaged begin to expose themselves as she tells her story. Amy met a boy the summer before her junior year in high school. Jacob was in college, and she fell in love fast. They dated for four years, and the last eight months of

those four years they were engaged. She moved in with him, and she thought she had life figured out. "We got engaged on Dec. 14, so I guess we were engaged for about eight months," said Amy. She looked shocked after figuring out all of the dates in her head. "We've been broken up a year now," she says, looking up from the fingers she's been adding on. In the middle of this conversation, her ex-fiancé called. She answered the phone, politely chatted with him about what she was doing, and told him she'd call him back. She wasn't surprised by the phone call. "I talk to him a couple times a week," she said. "I don't want to be with him, but I think maybe I feel sorry for him." Amy left her fiancé because he was possessive and struggled with addiction. "I broke it off because he was a drug addict, and he was controlling," she says bluntly. "He became crazy as hell, and he was insecure and unhappy." For a second or two, she looked disappointed while she thinks of the relationship ending for such a sad reason, but the look doesn't last long. "I will never go back there," she says sternly. She looks like she's lived a thousand hurts. She gazes far away, and she goes somewhere dark for a moment. "I was happy for a long time," she says, coming back from wherever she had gone. She says it like she needed the reassurance. She says it like she needs to say it out loud to make it true. She says it like she questions whether they were ever happy. "But things change, people change and you can only take so much." Amy seemed satisfied with her conclusion, and that was that. She was moving on. But Amy is burdened by even more battle wounds. She also carries scars from the loss of a brother. Brad was Amy's big brother. He was her half-brother, but he loved her with his whole heart. "We were closer when we were little, but we always saw each other on holidays," Amy said. A picture of her brother sits on the television in the middle of the room. He looks like her, with brown hair and distinct dimples. A recent picture of his daughter, who was just a baby when he died, sits not far away from Brad's. He died in a car accident in 2002, and Amy remembers while she talks. She looks pained by the conversation, and these wounds seem to have never fully healed. They might not be the freshest, but they are the deepest. Amy's sister has wounds too, and those seem to pain Amy more than her own. Michelle is 18. She dropped out of high school, but later got her G.E.D. She became addicted to drugs, but then went to rehab. She came back from rehab sober, but now dates a fellow-addict. Every time Michelle takes a step forward, she takes two steps back. "My sister's a drug addict," said Amy. "She's not recovering yet...she'll always be an addict." Amy's voice is full of love, frustration, anger and fear in those few sentences. She wants the best for her little sister, but she doesn't know how to help her. "She uses our situation growing up as an excuse for her actions," said Amy. She seems torn when she talks about Michelle, because she knows her sister's had a hard life. But so has she. They were comrades amidst the chaos. Amy has lived the wars with Michelle, even fought beside her. But while Michelle is surrendering, Amy is conquering. Amy sits on the couch and lovingly pets her small schnauzer, Levi. She looks down at him and escapes from these thoughts for a moment. She no longer looks like a pretty 20-year-old-girl. Her eyes look old and tired, like she's lived a dozen lifetimes. She looks overwhelmed and exhausted. She has removed all of her bandages to display her wounds. One by one, she examined them. The wounds that she hoped were healed left scars. Some of them even still bled while she spoke. Some of them were deeper than she remembered they were. Her beaten spirit was on display, and she almost cringed when she realized how close she'd come to becoming a prisoner of this war she calls Life. Amy speaks with the wisdom of a war hero. She will not retreat. She is courageous when others would surrender. She will not accept defeat. "I want to move forward from the past," says Amy. "You can't change it. You can't live in it. And you can't let your past determine your future."

Sarah Young
Public Relations Senior

"Tics"

"Every family has a relative they'd rather not have." That was how my mom explained my **UNCLE ALGIE** to me.

The taller I got, the more freely my family would talk around me. A series of failed marriages, an inability to hold onto a job, the stays in mental hospitals. His children, people I'd never met, hated him with a passion. It seemed everyone in my family had given up on him, didn't want to do anything but shove him to the side of the road like roadkill. He seemed content to let them.

When I turned twenty-one, my uncle started calling me. We'd spoken at a few reunions years before, and though neither of us said anything important, we shared an interest in common—him.

"Hey, Mary," he'd say. "Your Uncle Algie can't find his license. You mind picking up a bourbon for me?"

"Sure thing," I'd answer, and swing by after class. He'd offer me a drink; I'd decline. And then we'd start talking.

"Mom said you were married."

He'd nod.

"To who?"

"Which time?"

"How many times were there?"

"Three."

three wives?"

"Who were your

"Whores." He would grin at his bourbon.

"Can you tell me about them?"

"Just did."

"Can you tell me about my cousins?"

His hand would twitch at the mention of my cousins. "No."

"Why not?"

"They don't talk about me," he'd say. "I'm returning the favor."

"Do you miss them?"

"You sure you don't want one?" He'd offer me the bourbon but wouldn't hold it out very far.

I'd shake my head. "Do you, m i s s them?"

"Why you asking?"

"Curious."

"STOP BEING CURIOUS."

"All right," I'd wait a few minutes as he looked studied his books. The shelves were full, and he had in stacks of books scattered around the room, shoved against the walls, the couches, hidden under chairs. He had books in every room of his house. He'd refer to them as tender or stepping-stools, depending on

shoved

his mood. He had read every one of them. "What was it like in the **war**?"

"Have people ever told you you ask too many questions?"

"Yes. Were you married before the war?"

He'd stare into his glass. "Yes. Why you want to know?"

"Just curious."

"C u r i o s i t y killed the CAT."

"Eight lives brought it back. Are my cousins like me?"

"No. They don't talk so much."

"You want me to shut up?"

"Yeah."

I'd lapsed into silence, and our eyes would wander over the room. I usually felt like I was interrogating him, and if he didn't guilt me about it, I did it myself. Sometimes I'd try again, but as time went on I'd stop and sit in silence.

The meetings would repeat through the years, and over time I got married and had children. Uncle Algie did just the opposite. I said nothing about the changes in his appearance, and he didn't seem to care that he was shriveling into himself. When he died of a tumor, I dragged my husband and children to the funeral. He had named me the executor of his will, likely because he thought I was the only one who gave a damn about him. I hadn't thought he was right until I saw how many people showed up to see him off.

He'd left everything he had to his children. He'd left me a note, asking me to explain that he'd tried to get out of his debts, but he'd been on a dead-end road since his thirties. He hoped they would understand. He referred me to his address book, where I found the addresses of his son and daughter and letters he'd written them through the years. I delivered the letters. My cousins didn't invite me in for a drink; when Hannah finally agreed to take the letters, she told me it was only to throw them away.

that *little twitch*,

I remembered the **tic** he had when he spoke of them,

and wondered if he had **EVER** known them at all.

The delicate web of midnight silence splinters as the echo of footsteps wafts through the air. These two feet, they have made their way down this paved path every night this past month; the breath of the cold sky has chilled this man's lungs; when snow has fallen, it has seeped through to his feet, the frost biting at his bones. Yet every day, the soft sounds of the trees arching overhead - their whispers have been muffled by his midnight strolls down this gentle slope, down this trail that is now fixed, set in stone amidst his twirling thoughts.

Many miles and countless cultures away, a different picture paints itself. A little girl lies on her side on a dilapidated porch, her scratched knees tucked into her chest; her eyes, glazed over, stare down the dusty street her family used to stroll down to reach the ocean's gentle currents. Those beautiful blue and green waves are now murky with all that they have swallowed. Two days her gaze has remained frozen, unable to turn away from that horizon, that black water, that medusa.

The cold air scratches his lungs, and yet he pays no mind; a lover's soft kisses have set a blurry haze about his senses. His mind wanders; his thoughts dissolve as they float into the night sky; he hears her warm whispers as he climbs up the forlorn flights of concrete steps, his anxious fingertips grazing against the familiar scratches and dents on the walls. His feet come to a halt at a door no different than the others that line the hallway. He turns the knob, finding no resistance; a soft, dim yellow light pours upon his face.

The sun has not yet set, but all is silent; there are no fighting dogs, no children playing, no couples strolling hand in hand; such pretty sights, swept away by those monstrous waves; that bitter salty water - its taste won't leave her lips. Leaves being tickled by the wind - she has fallen asleep to this gentle lullaby for as long as she can remember; but tonight, it does not soothe her sorrows; that hideous black water, cold and uncaring, it delves deep into her eyes. Her arms squeeze tighter around her knees as spasms of hunger clench at her stomach, sending shudders through her weakening body. She will wait - wait until she hears their feet scuffling down that road, until she hears their tired laughter.

Pulled out of the cold by a lover's smile, he has found solace under cozy cotton sheets. Her gentle hands, comforting smile, her wet kiss... he is lost in her warm embrace, in her soft black hair. His limbs tangled with his lover's, he will not hear a stifled sigh, an ocean's breadth away. He will not feel a little girl's warmth fade into the midnight chill, nor see her frozen gaze drift down that desolate road. His eyes close, helplessly lost in a comfortably hazy dream.

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The black water, it begins to swallow the sun. Her sight has faded, already fallen into that abyss. An icy breeze presses itself against her body, and yet no shivers, no trembles from this senseless body. Her heart will soon relax, its final thump drifting into the icy night.

LET MY OBITUARY SAY THAT I WAS A WRITER, A DREAMER, A LOVER, A BELIEVER

Say that my heart has always been broken, that the valves did not shut completely and that something leaked after every fourth beat. Moreover, if this is, in the end, what kills me (and not this lifestyle that I lead) I will be surprised but not displeased. Say that rather, in spite of it, I lived. I dreamed about jet planes and glided across ice-skating rinks. I climbed mountains with snowcaps and pine trees. I gazed down on glittering cities at midnight and watched the sun rise over the Atlantic Ocean. I have seen Haley's Comet twice in my twenty years. Make sure to add that all these things I did in my dreams, that I could conjure scenes with black letters on white pages. I could rapture souls with the gentle clicking of a keyboard. I could tell the story of a life in less than two pages, but I could not contain it. Know that the life of another can overtake one's own, and know that I believed this to be true. Know, also, that it was this fact that kept my fragile heart pumping. Say that I had a family and friends whom I loved. That my brother and mother and sister and father lived far and wide. We traveled the country – traveled the world – in minivans and taxicabs. We walked through museums, recreated histories. We fondled gems and gazed at cavemen. New York City was at our command: the horses on the carousel galloped faster, the bronze statues of Hans Christian Anderson and his duckling, of Alice and her Cheshire cat stood stone still just for us. At home in the garden, Father watched more closely over the lovely pink and ever-hardy Impatiens than he did his own children. On St. Patrick's Day, the kitchen cabinets grumbled and slammed. I watched a ghost chase a small girl up a mountain on TV, but I could not hear her screams over the shouts in the hallway. When mother said that she couldn't take it anymore, she banged with the counter with a loose fist and a pile of plates jumped meekly into the air and chink-chink-chinked back into place as my father picked up the watering can and walked away.

(Now, here's a question: they say a man's voice never changes – even as the skin wrinkles and the hair grays – but can one forget the way it sounds? How many times do you have to hear your mother say "I love you" as she tucks quilted blankets under your tiny chin or your father shout "I'm leaving!" from the bottom of the stairs before you can recognize it in the beat of a heart?)

Add that it is the actions of your family that shape you. They are the ones that teach you things: like riding bikes and tying shoes and what it looks like, sounds like, feels like to love someone with the force of a hurricane. Let it be said, also, that true love never dies, and that I loved someone once and that it did. As a matter of fact, you can talk about the way the sun, though it will never rise in the west, seemed a little duller; food tasted slightly blander; the air felt a little cooler. My bed felt much lonelier. Nothing changed, and yet, everything was different, because he was not there. He is not here. I could live a lifetime on the smiles that he gave me and on the biscuits, on the times we danced bare foot to softly played music on worn-down carpet, on the laughter that echoed in my small apartment as we lay in bed and held each other like six-year-olds do carefully wrapped packages on Christmas Day: like we would never let each other go. And I am not afraid to say that I cried, although it was not for myself or him or the dog: it was for Us, back then, because we would have hated to have known how it would eventually end: how by the time it was over, once and for all, we would be separated by one hundred feet of paved highway, but that the distance between us would be ten thousand oceans. It was as if I never knew him, and the Us back then would have never wanted to hear that.

Make a point to say that people, like Frisbees, fly erratically through time and space and that no roads are paved no matter how smooth they appear. On the other hand, across millions of miles of grass and soil, millions of mothers slip millions of quarters with hands of millions of colors under the same pillows that the rest of us once placed under our heads. Say that I am just like my mother. I'll admit that the tales she told me were fantastic and unreal, and yet I listened to them closer as the years went by. I saw through her old, blue eyes the wide plains of Wyoming and, wearing her weathered hands like leather gloves, rode wild horses and collected warm eggs from beneath mother hens. I barn danced in borrowed cowboy boots. I starred in movies and met famous people. I, even, was one of them. The stories were ever evolving. Like my birth story, one which she told me every year and which was eventually embellished with song titles and quoted lyrics as if a soundtrack had been dubbed over the taxi drive and a string quartet had always stood in the hospital room. Different people witnessed my birth from year to year. Different hands were shaken, different phone numbers dialed, different flowers received. Each year's retelling topped the last, and yet the fragments left out and left behind continued to be a part of the movie that I saw in my dreams.

This is how I began my story-telling.

Here's a story. It's about a little girl who grows up and she lives with her mom. And she does the one thing she swore she'd never do. But when he looked at her, when his

girlfriend was not around, his stare spoke to her in a thousand languages. No. It was not a thousand languages, it was one: it was the one he spoke when his eyes scanned the seconds of her face and his lips didn't move but his eyelashes fluttered and they said, "You are so beautiful." And in the end, no matter how many times it happened, and no matter how many times she stopped herself, or he said, "Not now," it would always be true. And she knew that. Because, in the end, a rose by any other name is still a rose; because a rose is not one because you call it that, but because of everything that it is. These are the same roses that filled the gardens where, as a child, she pulled back ivy and plucked earthworms out of the warm soil. And it is the smell of those roses that she smells, the feel of those petals that she feels, the color of those buds that she sees when she looks at him or hears his name.

Oh, say that it was hard to be a girl! The way we always try to fit square pegs into circular holes, funnel beers in dimly lit kitchens, and swim naked in lakes and backyard pools. There will always be hot tubs in which to sit, in which to... There will always be strangers in bars with cold hands holding stout drinks, those guys with the wet smiles and the bottles of liquor who eye you like they do the packs of baseball cards in drug stores. They will always make me feel small. Like they can hold me in the palm of their hand and hand over fifty cents to the man behind the counter. They think they know what you want because they figure it's the same thing they do. They think they know who you are, can write the story of your life on the back of a napkin at a greasy Mom-and-Pops. But I, of all people, know that this can never be true. They knew the little things: that I wait tables to pay my bills, pay for beer; they know that I smile and talk the same way that a prostitute does to earn my keep. They watch my car peel out of the parking lot and know I'll go back and tell my friends. They know the way my body looks under my clothes. They have studied the way my hips curve out, down and the pattern of my silhouette beneath my sheets or theirs. And to them, this is the most intimate way of knowing me. They know that in the morning my hair is not as red, my eyes are not as blue, my gaze is not as clear; and they think they know why, but they don't and I won't tell. It is too complicated of a story.

But I'll give you this much, you can add that this is what it felt like, for a girl: When I was little they were like, "You're so pretty, you've gotten so pretty." And so when they'd say this – my parents, my aunts, my uncles, their friends – I'd look in the mirror and I'd think that I was going to see myself and my hair would be blonde and curly. But in the mirror, it was always the same: ratty and brown and not a curl, not one curl, except, maybe, a wave near then ends when it was humid and sticky. And then in school, they were all like, "You're so smart, you're so perfect." And so when they'd say this – my parents, my teachers, my friends – I'd wake up in the morning and expect to feel perfect. I don't know what I'd suppose I'd see, the sun to be shining through the curtains, throwing ribbons of light across my sheets, a clear vase of Gerber daisies with thick stems on a pickled bedside table, or the room to smell like warm pavement after an

April rain? It makes no difference. But my clothes would be twisted sideways and I'd be sweaty, I sweat, I'm always hot.

Not perfect.

Say nobody's perfect. Make sure to add that more than once, I started to think, I'm going to do it. I'm going to make them see me how I feel: ugly, stupid, awkward. I'm going to go off the deep end. But I'd know I wouldn't. Why? Because I can't swim. Never could swim, because we grew up in New York where there were no public pools, just swings sets and sandboxes. The Hudson River, maybe, but you don't swim in the Hudson River. No, you don't swim in the Hudson River, unless you want a third arm or an eye to grow in your bellybutton. Same reason you don't swim in the Ohio (even if the impulse is to go back to nature, back to the water) with its dead cows floating downstream and docking in someone's backyard when it floods. They land next to the busted tires and broken gutters, and bloat up like helium balloons at state fairs and traveling circuses when the sun comes out from behind the thick, gray clouds that made the river overflow in the first place.

Here's another story: A man caught a fish out of the Ohio, once. He had no intention of eating it – can't eat anything out of the Ohio – so his family did not know why he didn't throw it back into its toxic home. But he liked to kill things, this man did; he liked the power it gave him to rob the life out of something like God does. He did it to the deer that he hung off the back porch and skinned up to the neck so that their majestic heads stuck straight out of their own stinking carcasses. He brought it home, this two-foot bass pulled by a string out of the river, and his family put it in a bucket and sat lawn chairs around it and watched it swim in erratic circles. It was one of the few things they did as a family, like taking portraits with dead pheasants. When it stopped swimming, they all fidgeted in their chairs – thought they were watching death – and then let out of a sigh of feigned relief or disappointment when it flicked its tail and threw drops of poisoned water on their bare toes. Finally, the fish really did die, after three hours, but the children stopped watching it after thirty minutes. The oldest, a daughter with long brown hair and wide blue eyes, came back every-so-often and watched it turn colors. It looked slimy – but you don't touch things that come out of the Ohio unless you want your fingernails to fall off – and turned gray and when the eyes were completely silver, her stepfather tipped the bucket over and let the two gallons of the Ohio River spill into the backyard. It was no longer cramped in that little space, but the fish stayed curled up like it was still alive, still living in that bucket.

You tell me: how many memories like these can be held in a heart over a lifetime? How many good ones can it take to cancel out one bad? How many bad ones to smudge over one good? How many sneak past leaky valves and evaporate as quickly as blue blood turns red when it hits the air? How many sleep safely inside before the valves can no longer shut?

And when you die (when your heart finally breaks), if you've lost your mind and forgotten your life, does it still flit past your eyes in those last seconds before sleep? Is it cut up into still frames like spliced 8mm film? Or do you just remember what is here and now: the pale green of your slippers, the stale feel of crisp sheets, the squeak of rubber shoes on clean tiles, and the sterile smell of a hospital ward. Or does the past come flooding back, regardless: the silvery eyes of a dead fish in an orange bucket, the strange thrill at the warm touch of a stranger's cold hand on the small of your back, the smell of fresh roses in a wild garden, and the soft coo of your father (or your lover) when he says, "I'm sorry; one of these days you'll forget how bad it hurts."

Variable

Brit Hornsby
English Senior

He can almost see the numbers dropping into place, creating the reality around him in that split second.

"I've seen this before..." he says to himself as the feeling of déjà-vu rushes over him.

He can see the numbers that make up the dump-truck fall into place as it squeals through the intersection and into the side of their economy class car. The numbers twist, bend, and rearrange as the glass, metal, and stifled screams fly through the air. Where had he seen this before? Reality slips before him as he ponders the reoccurrence and he blacks out. Lines of numbers sweep through his mind, flowing as if on water. They're creating reality. A reality he wasn't sure of, a reality out of his control...he could see her smiling integers...

Something warm runs down his face and drips off his chin. His eyes blur into waking life and are immediately stung by the thick smoke filling the remains of their car. An intense heat looms beside him, just out of sight. A hand, his hand, runs smoothly over his face and pulls away, covered in blood, his blood. The heat grows stronger and he struggles to sit up in his twisted seat. A large metal object sits to his left, where the driver should be. Should be...

Panic floods his disoriented mind and he thrashes wildly against the fastened seatbelt. Everything slows; every second is stretched to its fullest. He hadn't seen this. He would have noticed it on the charts; no way he could have missed it.

He yanks the seatbelt loose from its buckle and feels the pains in his legs for the first time. Sharp pains from within his legs, every loose bone shard racks against his waking nerves. The pain is intense and he feels his mind slipping. He must concentrate. His hand finds the buckle of his seat belt and he unfastens it. The straps release their grip on his chest and he can feel the force in which he must have slammed against them.

The hunk of metal, he realizes, is the engine, or what's left of it. Where is she? His mind screams the question. He rolls painfully onto his side and searches the driver's seat. Blood is smeared on the soft cloth...her blood. What's happening?

He uses the head rest of his seat and pulls himself up. He sees her twisted body, torn and bloody, pinned beneath the engine, charring her flesh.

"Linda." He moans as the realization begins to sink in, "Linda, baby? Linda? Baby talk to me."

He can see in her eyes of fogged glass that she will not respond, ever. Tears begin to fill his eyes and softly mix with the blood on his face. She can't be dead. Why couldn't it be him? What did he do to deserve this? His mind flickers images of their life together and the life they could have had, all of them together, as he falls painfully into unconsciousness.

"My babies..."

"I don't want to know." He felt her breath on the nape of his neck as she whispered. "We shouldn't know what our future holds Edmund."

He opened his eyes and watched the ceiling fan spin above them. The sheets and her body felt smooth and warm against his naked form. A smile spread across his lean face as she tightened her arms around him. They had been married for six years now. God, had it been six years? And he had never lost pleasure in the feel of her touch.

"You don't want to know either, do you Edmund?" she whispered softly.

She had asked him that question countless times over the course of their marriage and he knew exactly how to respond without thinking.

"No baby, I don't care to know." He pulled her closer to him, "It's just my job to predict."

"I know, I know..." her breath was hot against his skin, "but it must be tempting, I know it is. I can see it in your eyes when you're reading the charts." God, she knew him.

"I'm not saying that I'm not tempted to know." He moved through the scripted conversation mindlessly, "But it's a temptation that I've managed for years. One I've beaten."

He sat in small uncomfortable chair in a wood paneled library auditorium and waited for the guest lecture to begin. It was his junior year at the university and he hadn't yet met Linda. The room was silent for the most part, the occasional cough, sneeze, or yawn breaking through from time to time. Time passes slowly in settings to uncomfortable for solid sound.

A screeching tone filled the speakers as an elderly man, the lecturer, approached the podium. The man's hair was short and shone white. He wore a light gray suit that favored the color of thinning smoke. Edmund placed the man at around seventy-five, give or take a few years. There was something about him that portrayed a kind of inner youth, a kind of confidence in the world around him, something innate, powerful.

"Hello, I am Dr. Lowe of Lowe and Stevenson Inc." the man's voice was deep and husky. "Many of you are at that time in your life when questions of the future, your future, bombard your mind. The answer for your future is other's futures. Determinable Probability is the future, yours and theirs."

Dr. Lowe's voice boomed throughout the auditorium for the better part of two hours as he described his proposition.

The man, Brenham according to the charts, stood naked in the glass tube and shivered nervously.

"Is it going to hurt?" he asked, wrapping his arms around himself.

Edmund walked around the side of the console and flipped though Brenham's chart, "No Mr. Brenham, you'll hardly feel a thing. But God at what you'll learn."

"Yeah." The man's muscles began to spasm. It was the same way with every inquirer: shaking, nervous twitches, terrified of their own lives. What he wouldn't give to take their place.

"Alright Mr. Brenham, lets begin." Edmund moved his fingers delicately over the console's keyboard as he punched in the necessary commands to initialize the bio-scan.

"Mr. Brenham, please place you hands flat against the marked outline above your head and the same with your feet on the markings below."

Brenham did as instructed. His knees were almost knocking as he slid his sweating feet into the outline on the floor. Edmund had seen people urinate on themselves in these final moments before having their future revealed unto them. The mind tended to go into a state of panic, as if something unnatural was about to be forced upon it.

Edmund's finger pressed the enter key and the tube filled with fog.

"Mr. Brenham," Edmund said to himself as a series of multicolored lights began to pierce the fog, **"Your life's an open book."**

Edmund sat at the oak desk in his office and flipped through his chart. He reread it for the twelfth time, the information unable to fully settle in his mind. The results weren't what he had expected to find. He had seen this outcome many times but never was its subject. The realization was more than he could take. His eye twitched as it flickered from side to side, following the lines of numbers on the paper.

His stomach began to turn as he reached the end of the sum. It couldn't be true. The calculations must be off. Maybe a problem with the formula; but he had checked it, thoroughly, to make sure. It must be true. Deep within him he knew it to be true, harshly true. He would die within the week, and there was nothing to be done for it.

Linda was working at the university's library when they first met. He had spent most of his summer alone in one of the far corners, studying Deterministic Probability case files. She would walk by on occasion, pushing her cart and knowing that he was watching. The cart's squeaking wheel was the only sound between them. He always heard her coming and tried his best to act as if he didn't.

He had never seen anything like her: dark sea of hair flowing over her shoulders, firm body relying on her confident stride. She was almost unearthly; an apparition wondering the in the mostly forgotten sections of the library, preying on young men.

It wasn't until after they were married that she confessed that her she never once walked by his private little corner for her job, but rather because she choose to. She new he'd be there.

Dr. Lowe sat in his wicker chair with his feet propped up and a blanket over his skeletal legs. The sun shone down on him and reflected of the pool by which he sat. This was how he spent most of his time since his retirement, lost in thought by his pool, staring up at the sky. He had aged greatly over the past few years. The power that he once held over his world seemed to have all but evaporated in the sun. Edmund hated to see him like this, but he had no one else to turn to.

"Dr. Lowe?" he said as he approached the side of the shimmering pool.

"Edmund, dear..." his voice was soft and ragged, "How good it is to see you." The old man grabbed Edmunds hand and held it tightly. His hands were cold, lifeless flesh.

"Sit." He motioned to the empty chair beside him and Edmund obliged him.

"Now, what brings you?"

Edmund's throat tensed, "I need some help."

A smile crept across the old man's face. He was glad to be needed once more, gladder than he'd been in years.

"Help with what?"

Edmund cleared his throat, "What would happen if the numbers in someone's determined formula were changed?"

The old man's eyes squinted as he took in the question's hidden implications. "Why would someone want to do that?"

"To alter the future that was determined for them, to change the sum of the formulas."

"I see..." the old man trailed off, deep in thought, "Numbers can be moved, rearranged, or even taken out of the equation all together. But hear me clearly Edmund, the numbers will not disappear, they won't simply vanish into nonexistence. They were in the formula for a reason, to fulfill some purpose, even if it isn't the one that they were intended for. Whatever numbers are changed will fall back into existence as rouges. They will be uncontrollable and unpredictable. No one changes the numbers; they are our only map through our chaotic lives. No one changes the numbers..."

"Edmund,"

Linda's voice was soft and calculated, "I have something to tell you." She patted the seat next to her at the kitchen table. Her face seemed flush and small beads of sweat crowded her brow. She played with her wedding band, turning it endlessly around her finger.

"Sure babe," Edmund sat next to her and put his hand gently on her thigh. She was burning up. "What is it?"

"L..." her voice caught somewhere in her throat and she took a deep jagged breath.

"Come on babe, you can tell me," he smiled the smile that he reserved only for her, his comforting smile.

"L..." she cleared her throat, "Edmund I'm pregnant." Tears welled up in her eyes and a smile broke across her face.

"Oh my God...are you sure?"

"Yes, I went to the Doctor this morning and the test came back positive."

He wrapped his arms around her and held her tight.

"God, it's wonderful..."

"I know...a family."

They laughed and cried and held each other, their lives completely changed.

They where on their way to the doctor for her routine check-up when Edmund was hit with a strange since of deja-vu. He felt as if he had lived this moment before, in another life; a life slightly different than the one he lived now. What was it? Where had he seen this before? Linda stopped the car at a red light and looked over at him.

"You okay baby?" she rubbed her hand against his arm.

The feeling grew stronger, he knew this moment. How?

"Baby?" Linda's voice rang through, even it was a part of this second reality, the one he had already seen.

"I've seen this before..." he said to himself as the light changed to green. Linda's foot hit the gas and they lurched into the intersection.

He could see the numbers that made up the dump-truck fall into place as it squealed through the intersection and into the side of their economy class car. The numbers

twisted, bent, and rearranged as the glass, metal, and stifled screams flew through the air.

Where had he seen this before?

Hushed Lullaby

Tawnysha Lynch
English Senior

Kathryn slid the envelope across the table towards her father. It was open, a piece of paper resting on top. A birth certificate. His gaze moved from her face to the paper. He did not touch it. Kathryn had asked her father to meet her at Ruby Tuesday's two blocks down from the fire station where he worked. It was a Saturday and he agreed to meet her before his weekend shift. Kathryn had been waiting fifteen minutes before her father arrived. Her coffee was cold and untouched. A blonde waitress came by their booth and set down iced water and coffee with cream and sugar that Kathryn had ordered beforehand, knowing her father would be late.

Kathryn watched his eyes. They moved haltingly as he read the lines on the birth certificate. His eyes stopped in the center of the paper then he frowned as he reread the line again. "I needed a passport for when I'm studying in Italy this summer. They asked for my birth certificate," she said, trying to coax him to speak. "Do you see anything wrong with it?"

"Hm?" he asked, still reading the paper. He looked up, his expression confused. "What?"

Kathryn leaned forward as she jerkily looped her hair behind her ear. She set both hands on the table, flat but then drew them closed.

"The birth certificate, Dad. It says I'm Mom's third child. Wasn't Beth first and me second?"

He touched the envelope the birth certificate rested on and slid it back towards Kathryn. A family walked beside their booth and he watched them pass by.

"Is this a mistake?" she asked, her voice louder.

"Yeah," he said as he shifted in his seat. "Yeah, funny I never noticed that before."

He took the straw that came with his water and peeled the wrapper from it.

"Dad, look at me."

He did and looped his right thumb under his fingers and clenched. His thumb cracked.

"Did Mom have another child?"

"Look, Kathryn. It's a mistake that everyone just over—"

"But what happened to the other baby?"

"It's no one's business, Kathryn."

Kathryn leaned back in her seat. "No one?"

His lips remained parted as if to speak, but no words came. He kept her silent gaze then looked down and held his breath.

"Your mom and I never wanted to talk of this."

He wound the straw wrapper around his finger, unwound it then wrapped it around again.

"I want to know, Dad."

He sighed, letting his breath out slowly, wincing almost as if it hurt him.

"You know your mom grew up in a real religious family. You remember how her dad was the pastor of that church in town? Well, everyone looked up to him and when your mom and I started dating, we weren't real careful and she got pregnant."

He continued to fiddle with the straw wrapper in his hands, rolling it into a dense ball.

Kathryn listened as he told her that her mother was sent away to her aunt's until she had the baby. Her dad skipped school to visit her, sometimes bringing small packages her parents gave to him to deliver. Kathryn's hands joined on the table as she began to softly stroke the inner side of her palm.

His hold on the paper ball lessened.

"The packages her mom gave me had cookies, some of her clothes from home and stuff. I remember she always had a note with it with a scripture verse. It always had something about being separate from the world and how the body is a temple of God. They always made her feel bad when she read them so I just started throwing the notes away when I gave her anything from home."

The blonde waitress came by again and refilled his coffee cup. When her father remained silent, Kathryn nodded her thanks.

Kathryn watched his face as he spoke. He wasn't looking at her, but at the family seated across the room. The little boy was having a birthday party. She listened as he said that when the baby was born, it seemed fine. "A couple hours later, it started acting funny. They did some tests, but the baby got worse and died that night. We later learned it was water on the brain or something."

He seemed to study the little ball he made and turned it over again in his hands.

"It was a boy, wasn't it?"

Kathryn heard the children singing "Happy Birthday" across the room. The little boy was laughing. She placed a hand on her coffee cup. It was cold.

"It don't make any difference whether it was a boy or a girl. Nobody said anything so we just agreed to leave it behind us and not talk about it anymore."

He leaned his head on his hand and was quiet for a moment. His hand grazed where his hair was thinning above his forehead. He stroked it several times. Kathryn's eyes flickered when she saw this. He had stroked her mother's hair in the last few days before she died.

"Remember when Mom died? Right before she died, she asked about her baby. 'Do you hear him?' she kept asking us. 'Do you hear him crying?' You said sometimes before people die, their minds get confused and play tricks on them. You said sometimes people talk crazy things and that's what Mom was doing. Why couldn't you tell us then?"

"You were young."

"I was thirteen. I wanted to know, Daddy. I wanted to know what she was talking about and I kept asking you."

"It was in the past, Kathryn. We made a mistake. We wanted to protect you."

"By pushing me away? Daddy, how can we be a family if we keep secrets from each other?"

Kathryn swallowed as her face flushed. She looked away, blinking a few times while holding her breath.

"Katie," he said, reaching across the table for her hand. She pulled away. The little paper ball he had been holding dropped.

"Katie," he said again, his voice soft.

Their eyes met.

"It's okay, sweetheart. Your mom and I had a wonderful life with you and Beth. Don't let this change the way you feel about your mother and me. She loved you so much and wanted to protect you from a mistake we made before we got married. We never meant to hurt you."

Kathryn looked at his open hand on the table and slowly extended hers. He grasped her fingers. Her hands began to hurt as she realized that they had been empty before. He let go and sat back in his seat. Kathryn watched his palm print fade from the table.

His belt vibrated and he looked down at his pager. "I've got to get to work."

He took the handwritten bill the waitress had left on the table. "I'll get this."

"I'll get it, Dad."

As he stood, Kathryn took the straw wrapper her father had balled under his fingers. She began to unwrap it slowly.

"Dad?"

"Yeah, Katie?"

"What was his name? Your son?"

"Walter. She named him Walter."

Kathryn nodded and flashed a quick smile as her father waved, walking out of the restaurant. Her expression faded as soon as he turned his back. She gathered up the birth certificate, envelope and the bill the waitress had left. Shouldering her purse, Kathryn eyed the family as they walked by again. She watched them leave. A man, a boy, and a girl. The children wore party hats. The father held their hands. Kathryn looked to her own hands and felt them ache once again.

An abstract graphic design featuring several overlapping white circles of varying sizes on a solid red background. The circles are positioned in the upper left and center of the frame, creating a sense of movement and depth. The bottom of the image is divided into a white horizontal band and a black horizontal band.

{photography



1 A Soul Consumed
Nathan Lucy
Engineering Junior

2 Alhambra Garden
Breanna Bolton
Communication Senior

3 Prayer Candles
Mandi Gauntt
Psychology Junior



2



3

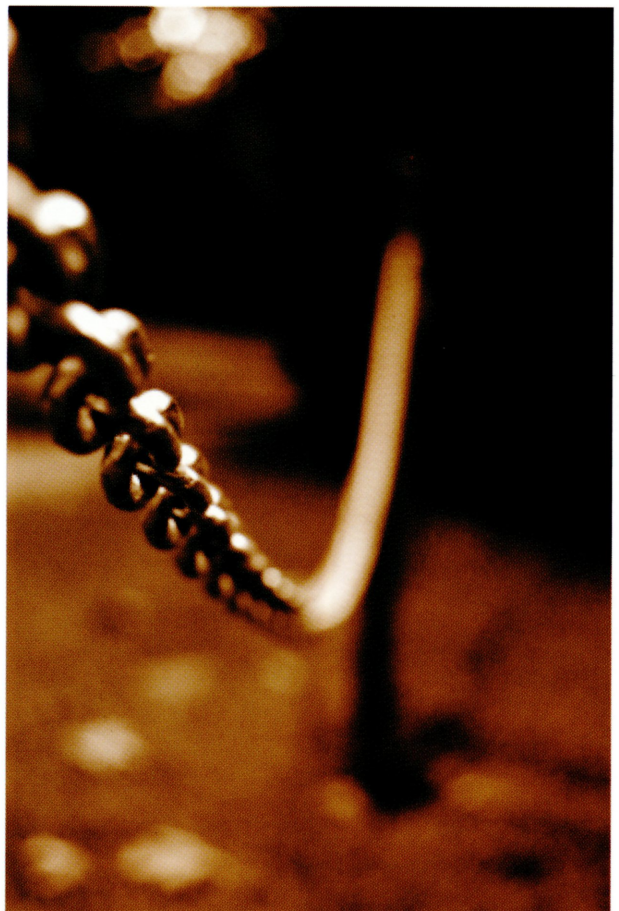


1

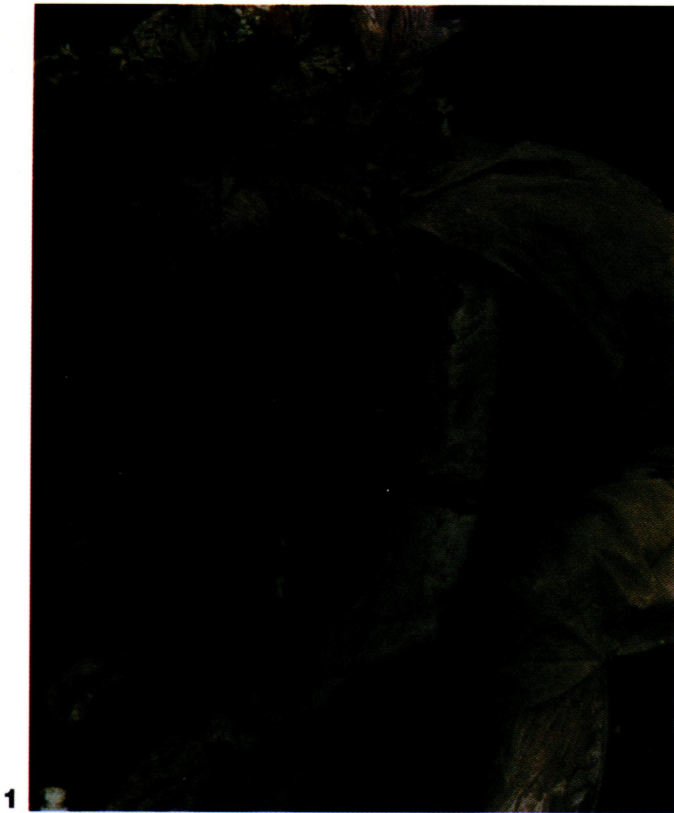
- 1** Untitled
Allan Seibert
Chemistry Senior
- 2** Beyond
A. Hope Askew
Civil Engineering Sophomore
- 3** Boundaries
Mandi Gauntt
Psychology Junior



2



3



1



2



3



4

1 Untitled
Corrye Mobley
Graphic Design Sophomore

2 Doorway
Casey Smith
Architecture Junior

3 Bloomfield
Jessica Smith

4 Butterfly
Jordan Craddock
Graphic Design Senior

5 Front Porch
Daniel Hughes
Undeclared Freshman

6 La Vie de Circles
Whitney Gilchrist
Interior Design Junior

7 Down the Line
David M. Carroll
Industrial Design Freshman



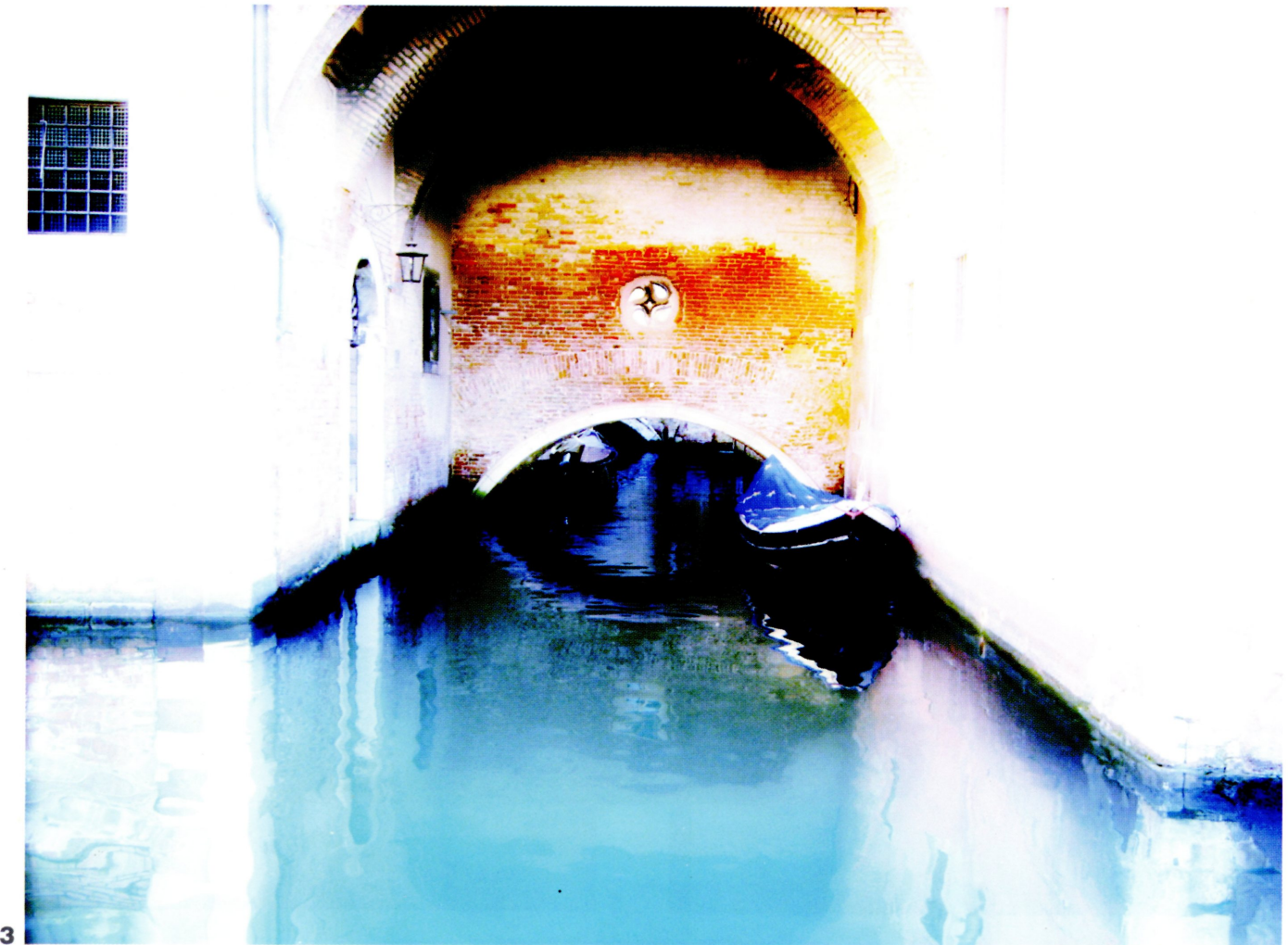
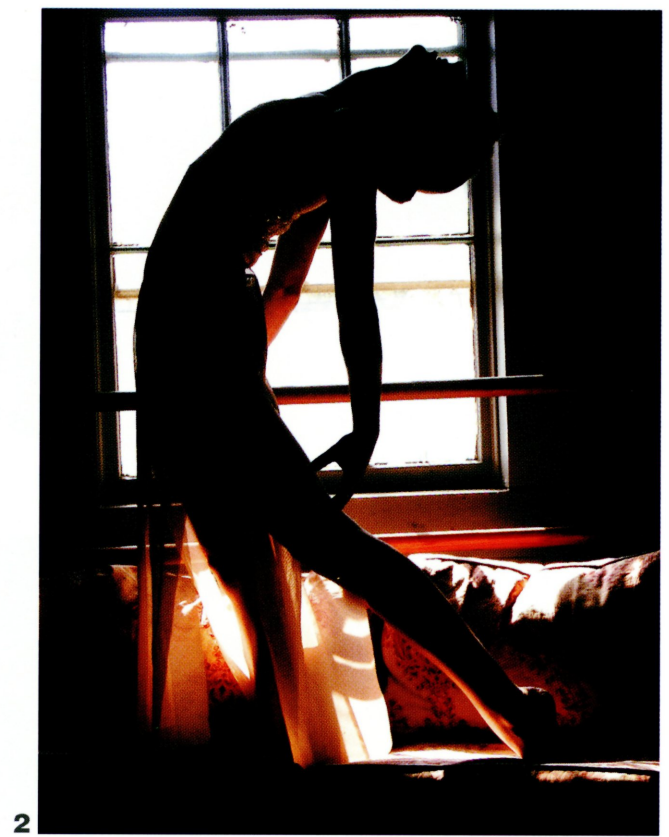
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6



7



- 1** Ciudad Abierta
Kathleen Simpson
Environmental Design Senior
- 2** Ballet
Jordan Craddock
Graphic Design Senior
- 3** Venetian Blue
Hannah Caballero
Social Work Sophomore
- 4** Untitled
Daniel Hughes
Undeclared Freshman
- 5** Costa Rica Sunset
Adam Sleeper
Agriculture Junior
- 6** Flower
Daniel Hughes
Undeclared Freshman
- 7** Breathe
Darren Chamlee
Operations Manager, Foy Student Union, Office of the Dean of Students



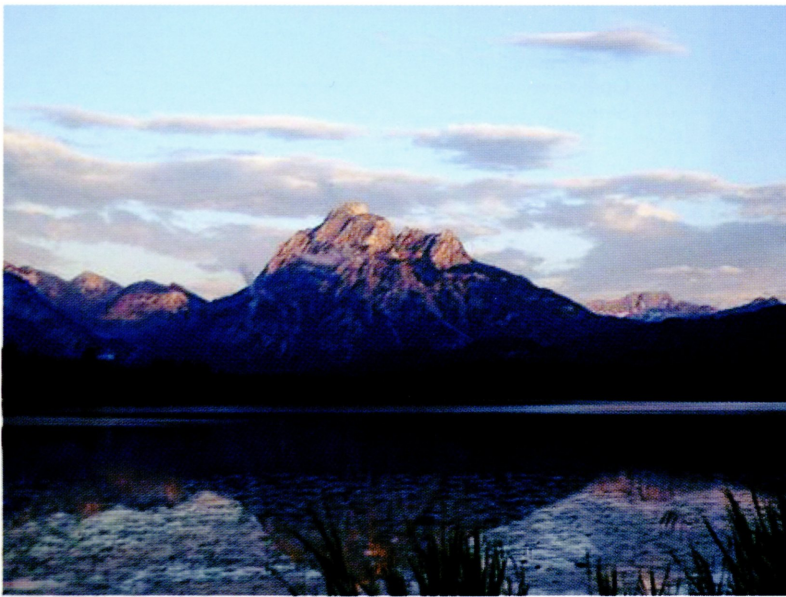


1

1 Glory's Assault
Nathan Lucy
Engineering Senior

2 Sky
Megann Gallagher
Exercise Science Sophomore

3 Paddling in a Dream
Evan Durland
Aquaculture

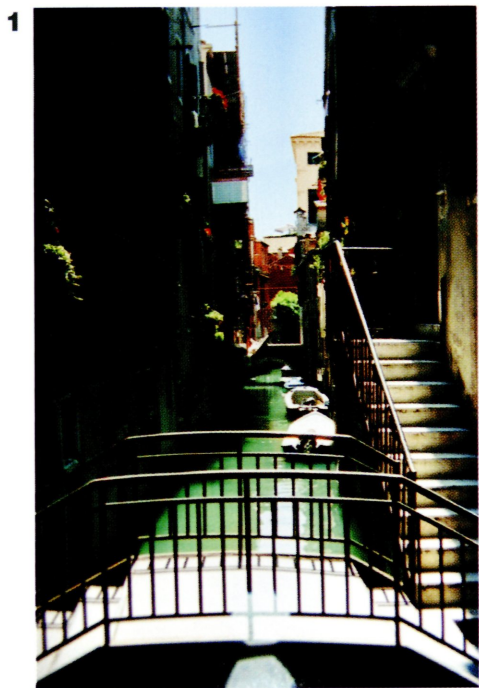


2



3

- 1** Le Viali Di Venezia
Matt Davis
Graphic Design Junior
- 2** Monday, AZ
Will Eley
Political Science/English Senior
- 3** Downtown Meltdown
Nathan Lucy
Engineering Junior



1



1 The Golden Watchers, Herdat
Daniel Romans
History Senior

2 Untitled
Mandi Gauntt
Psychology Junior

3 May Angels Lead You In
David M. Carroll
Industrial Design Freshman

2



3



1



2



3



- 1 Houston Roosters
John Midgett
Architecture Senior
- 2 Running in Circles
Jenna Copp
Business Sophomore
- 3 Subway T.V.
Will Eley
Political Science/English Senior

1



2



3



- 1** Lost & Found
Taylor Almond
Wireless Software Engineering Junior
- 2** Surfers at Dusk
Maria Toro
Communication Junior
- 3** Patches of Light
Maria Toro
Communication Junior



1

- 1** Tybee Island
Shelby Agnew
Animal Science Sophomore
- 2** Not Quite Wilted
Eve Harmon
English Senior
- 3** Blue Capri
Megan Barganier
Apparel Design and Production Senior



2



3



1



2

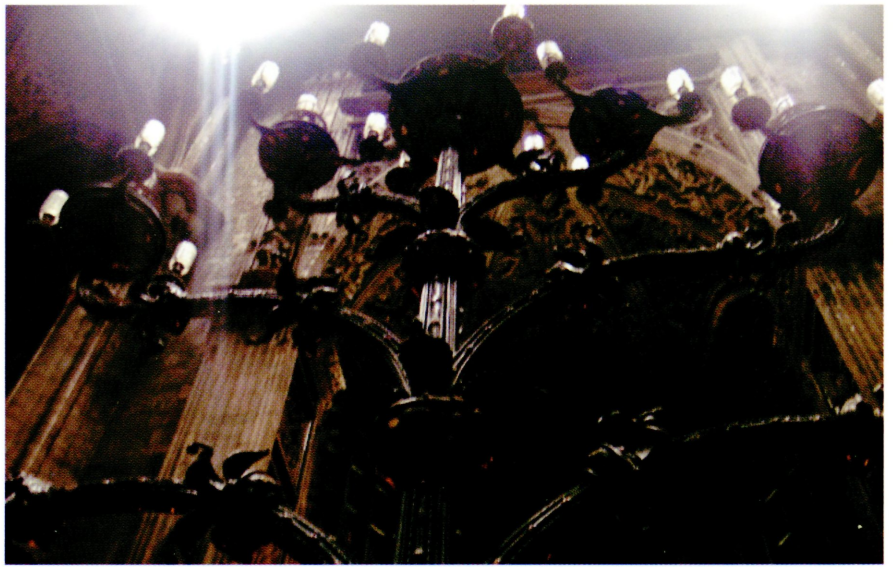


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7



- 1 Forshadows and Echos.
Jennifer Arbona
Psychology Sophomore
- 2 Mobile Redbud
John Midgette
- 3 War and Love
Sarah Chaplin
Industrial Design Freshman
- 4 Nawlins
Samantha Tashman
Secondary English Education Junior
- 5 Light Source
Megan Barganier
Apparel Design and Production Senior
- 6 Venezia at Sunset
Katie Calhoun
Fine Art Junior
- 7 Metallic Sky
Amy Jeffcoat
Entrepreneurship and Family Business Senior



1



2



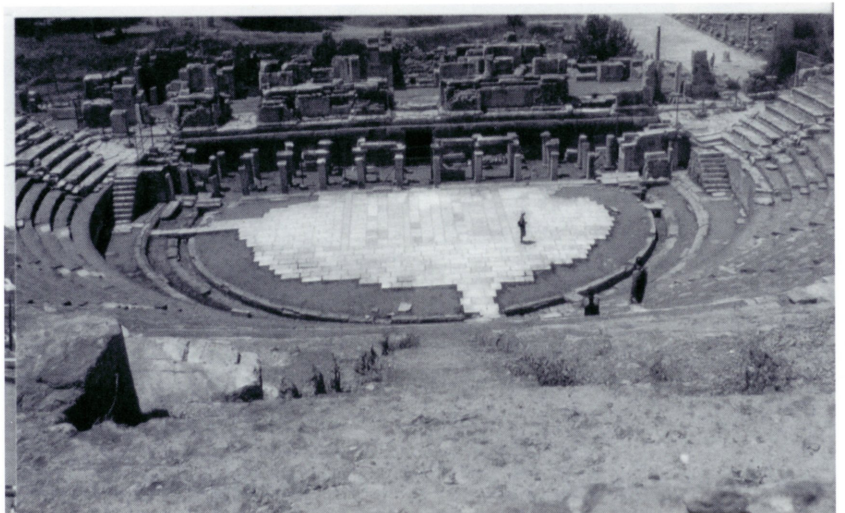
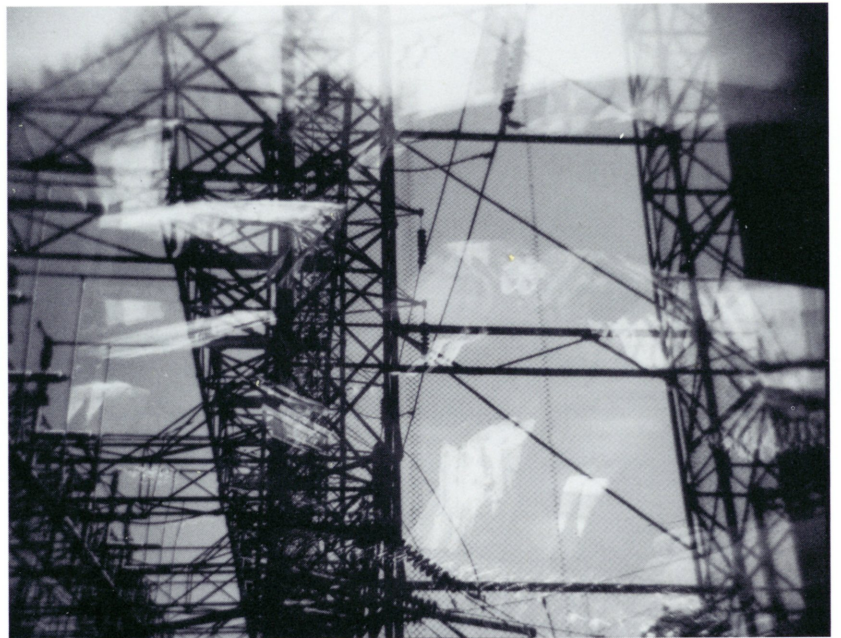
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- 1 Small Comforts
Eve Harmon
English Senior
- 2 Coffeeshop
Terran Wilson
Architecture Junior
- 3 Glorieta Reflections
Thomas Hogelin
Mechanical Engineering Senior

1 The State of Emotion
Kristin Bradford
Industrial Design Senior

2 Tallassee Transformer
John Midgette

3 Acts 19:21-41
Alan Dennis
Civil Engineering Sophomore





1



2

- 1 Everyday Tuscan Beauty
Hannah Caballero
Social Work Sophomore
- 2 Rainy Day in Firenze
Rachel Sevin
Apparel Design and Production Senior
- 3 Mykonos
Courtney Cushard
Architecture/ Interior Architecture Senior
- 4 Gnarl
Barbara Michael
Education/MA Art History 1975/1977
- 5 Love at First Sight
Megan Barganier
Apparel Design and Production Senior



3



4



5



1



2



3

- 1** Efes
Alan Dennis
Civil Engineering Sophomore
- 2** Nightlite
Courtney Cushard
Architecture/ Interior Architecture Senior
- 3** Notch 8 in Orion's Belt
Darrell Krueger
Mechanical Engineering
Undergrad (MECH) 2005, Grad (MECH) 2007
- 4** Romance in St. Andrews
Stephen Potts
Mechanical Engineering Senior
- 5** Piano Keys
Mary Russ
English Freshman



4



5



1



2



3

1 God Brooding Over C-Zone
Nathan Lucy
Engineering Junior

2 Lucas Theatre
Kim Calabro
Journalism/ Philosophy Senior

3 Watertower
Jessica Smith

4 Serenity
Meagan Colonna
Bachelor of Art Senior

5 Wedding Party at Linlithgow Palace
Stephen Potts
Mechanical Engineering Senior

6 Yoga
Jordan Craddock
Graphic Design Senior



4



5



6



1



2

- 1 Swirl
Barbara Michael
Education/MA Art History 1975/1977
- 2 Brooklyn Bridge
Megan Barganier
Apparel Design and Production Senior

THE SPIRIT Quest

Erin Roof
English Graduate Student

August 2, 2008:

Falling Rock is my ancestor. Pre-Trail of Tears, he spent his youth sneaking into log cabins, hiding under bedsteads, and pondering the mysteries of white women's undergarments. This led to his trying on a corset and petticoat ensemble, topping it off with a flowered bonnet; soon he was posing in front of the precious and expensive hand mirror of Mrs. S-----. He found he was required (due to mirror surface limitations) to examine only six square inches of himself at a time. This led to events unmentionable. The second time he was pondering the ridiculousness of petticoats, Mrs. S----- strolled into the room. Rather than shrieking uncontrollably at the sight of a savage Injun in her rustic boudoir, Mrs. S----- responded to Falling Rock's peccadilloes with intriguing congeniality, which led to further unmentionable events. Less than a year later, Mr. S----- found himself pondering the prevalence of dark-haired, dark-eyed, tanned Welsh ancestors in his lineage. Funny how these things skip generations.

Falling Rock, my ancestor, has caused considerable consternation among automobile operators. Their consternation has been expressed in protests, letters to congressmen, and trite hairstyles. The end result is a number of signs that litter the narrow roads of the Cherokee Mountains and Smokey Mountains. Falling Rock, my ancestor of the underside of the bed, is a Cherokee. You would think I should say was rather than is, since he was a youth circa 1800-something and it is now 2006. I do, however, make no mistake with my is; Falling Rock, you see, is an immortal. As many relatives marched miserably to the west, some of his relatives marched miserably up treacherous mountain paths, and these were kind enough to invite him along. While "thriving" in this non-self-enforced exile, Falling Rock took to wandering aimlessly. As it happens, his branch of the Cherokee clans, was noted for this. While such clans as the Long-Hairs are more famous, the Lahs-D'faqawi clan is still respected by many among Modern Cherokees (not to be confused with Quaint Cherokees). Gentiles will rarely see signs of the Lahs-D'faqawi tribe, as they are elusive as jackalopes. Still, some nature hikers in the Great Smokies have reported hearing chants that sound like "we-ah lahs d'wer d'fuqawi." Modern Cherokees who report from the Long-Hair clan claim that this chant is of ancient dialect and the meaning is lost. Suspiciously, they tend to snicker, although elder Jack Dead Horsebeater assures Gentiles that this is simply a genetically predisposed nervous habit.

On his mother's side, Falling Rock, my ancestor, was descended from the Ani Kutaní (Nicotani). His mother's family, of course, did not acknowledge this publicly, though they were rumored to hold secret sacred smoke-outs. Mr. S-----'s suspiciously Welsh son by Mrs. S----- was given the name Janus by his father. Janus, my mother's direct ancestor through her maternal lineage, was thought to be rather vague and inconsistent in his verbal and written ramblings in general. This unfortunate habit did not prevent him from embarking on a successful career as sales broker; he made a fortune from selling bridges in California. Admirers claimed he was rather charming; so charming that folks didn't mind his manner of telling two conflicting lies in a row.

Although direct connection to Falling Rock is officially denied by anglicized members of the family, my mother, through the mysteries of racial memory, was able to establish with certainty this connection sometime in the 'Sixties. I followed her example in the late 'Nineties. In addition to our own certain memories, we can point to observable evidence of this connection:

1. We tend to turn left when told to turn right (independent thinking).
2. We consider the use of nicotine to be a sacred way of greeting the day
(this morning ritual generally includes the ceremonial drink Kahfi).
3. We practice verbal misdirection (Hey, what's that over there?).
4. At the age of 28, I have thus far successfully eluded
marriage (the offers have been entirely resistible).
5. My mother looks suspiciously Welsh (I rather resemble my father's
German ancestors).

Among my father's German ancestors, there is a Cherokee ancestress. Her name was Lily Mae Rock (no relation to Falling). I am in doubt of this dubious name, as electric guitars had not yet been invented in her time (circa late 1800's). Officially (according to closed-minded descendents) she was Welsh, but I have a picture of her, and I feel she's rather tanned looking for a White lady, even Welsh.

Falling Rock, my ancestor, was a well-known Trickster. Geronimo, in a recent spirit vision, remarked to Falling that the theft of one petticoat and Janus S-----'s legitimacy did not come close to repaying White Man (represented by Mr. S-----) for his theft of Cherokee lands; Geronimo claimed Falling Rock should have stolen Mrs. S----- altogether along with all the petticoats in the house. Falling Rock replied that he could not steal what was freely given, and besides, it would have never worked out with Mrs. S-----, as she would have constantly argued with him about who should wear the petticoats in the home. He then offered Geronimo a packet of tobacco to replenish his supplies for the journey back to the spirit world; while Geronimo rummaged through his deer backpack for a reciprocal gift, Falling Rock surreptitiously divested him of his Microsoft stock. Legend has it that Falling Rock later convinced Geronimo that Andrew Jackson stole the stock.

When I was small, my mother and I went on a pilgrimage to the mountains of North Carolina. She pointed out to me one of the many road signs that read "Watch for Falling Rock." She explained that Falling Rock, our ancestor, took revenge on Gentiles by pushing rocks over the edge of the steep slopes of the mountains whenever cars and pedestrians passed by his hiding spot. She told me that the government had searched the mountains in vans in vain; failing to bring this native fugitive to Gentile Justice, they erected signs to warn the Gentle Tourists (and to give the politicians' constituents the impression the representatives of the people of these United States were accomplishing something—anything—in Washington). She told me to watch for a single, solitary feather peeking out over the high rocks; that would be the only sign of Falling Rock before he pushed a boulder down.

Some years after his exile, Falling Rock, my ancestor, shuffled his old feet along a rarely used path in the high mountains of North Carolina. He passed Raven, who told Falling he was going the wrong way. Next he passed Coyote, who asked him, "Which way to El Paso?" It dawned on Falling that he was being tested by the spirit animals, as well as the elements (it was very windy). He continued on the path, which split into three paths. At this juncture, two Turtles stood. Chipmunk, munching acorns on a rock blocking the North path, told Falling that he could ask one (and only one) of the Turtles which path was the correct path to follow. Chipmunk warned Falling that one Turtle always told the truth, and one Turtle always lied. Falling Rock asked Turtle-Who-Is-Due-North-East, "Which path is correct?" Turtle-Who-Is-Due-North-East replied, "The second path on your right facing South." Falling Rock decided to take the path that lay on the other side of the Turtle-Who-Is-Due-North-West; then he crossed over to the middle path, bypassing the huge rock that was blocking it. Chipmunk chattered crossly at Falling Rock, but ceased when he began choking on acorn fragments.

Falling Rock, my ancestor, refuses to acknowledge our connection. Once, as I was standing next to a cliff that rose about ten feet over my height of approximately five feet, I heard a gravely voice hiss, "No great-great-granddaughter of mine!" Looking up, I saw a boulder teetering on the edge and jumped back just in time to avoid a smashed cranium. His decision to disown me may be due to the fact that I habitually break the sacred injunction against stopping to ask for directions.

The middle path is the path to immortality. Falling Rock followed this path, kicking pebbles out of his way. He found the Fountain of Youth and drank deeply. There, beside that mossy pond, he swore to heap eternal vexation on Gentile Motorists. And so, Antecedent Reader, I am doomed to feeling torn in two—in three directions. My convictions are as befuddled as my ancestry, and my sense of continuity as untrustworthy and inconsistent as the paths my antecedents traveled in life.

August 2, 2006

The 4:30 a.m. Spirit Quest:

In Search of Something That is Worth Not(h)ing

A sea of camouflage, and one pink bandana

Ericka Bennett
Communications Senior

"Please share the things you saw" was the soldier's request after my experience at Fort Benning. So I invite you into the pages of my journal...

August 28

2:06 am – explosions shook me from sleep. I gasped into wakefulness, disoriented to find myself alone in an unfamiliar place. The bombs continued; their noise shattering the night that was silent seconds earlier. I heard the men shouting and scrambling for their body armor in the tent next to mine. My heart was racing. I felt the chills begin as I left my cot, kneeling to pull back the flap of my tent and peer out into the night. Smoke from the mortar attack was pouring into camp. I could see black boots hitting the ground in every direction as the soldiers poured out of the tents shouting orders. It seemed as if the explosions were all around me.

I watched them run out into the darkness as I began to shake violently. My teeth chattered uncontrollably as I tried to convince myself it wasn't real. It was no use. My body was reacting in shock, no matter how my mind tried to convince it otherwise. I couldn't control myself. As I repeated, "this isn't real" the truth sank in. This was real, for men all around the world. I thought of my uncle and my friend Jonathan in Iraq and I knew... for them this is real. This is life.

Tears streamed down my face as I backed away from the opening. I could still hear the shouts, the bombs, the gunfire. I couldn't stop shaking. Putting on my jacket in the August heat, I crawled back onto my cot, as the weight of reality continued to fall. While 187 men rushed into the night to engage the enemy, even here I could crawl back into bed safe and sound. I couldn't help but wonder how many men like Jonathan sleep in the hot sand of Iraq and rush into the darkness night after night, so that I can sleep safe and sound in my comfortable bed? Still shaking, I cried myself to sleep.

8:00 am - I was awake before the alarm on my cell phone went off. Though the morning was peaceful, there was still a shock factor finding myself alone in a massive tent. I'd hoped the bombing had only been a nightmare, and I would wake to find myself at home. Instead I found myself still at Fort Benning. I made a face as I put on my clothes, realizing how sweaty and dirty I was from the day before. Without running water, I knew a shower was not an option. I was just thankful for the grime of only one day, instead of the nine days the soldiers had been at camp.

I tried to review my background story as I packed my camera. "Auburn Graduate and Independent Journalist with the New York Times – Embedded Reporter" I repeated to myself. I hated lying to these men, but that was the role I was assigned to play. When I agreed to take part in the Infantry Officer Basic Course for 24 hours, I didn't know myself and two other students would be the only media training these soldiers would get before deployment. I also had no idea I would be the only female in the midst of 187 soldiers. "What have I gotten myself into?" I wondered aloud as I tied on my pink bandana and stepped out of the tent into the sea of camouflage.

10:54 am - we pulled into the McKenna training compound. I was speechless, overwhelmed with the village scene in front of me. The windows of the buildings had been shot out, and men in traditional Muslim garb hung out of them with assault rifles. Civilians scattered the streets holding pipes and semi-automatic weapons, faces covered. They yelled in broken English, "No Americans! We hate America! America bad! America evil!" Moments later the same men cried for cold water and food as they claimed to be our friends.

As I stepped down from the HumVee I tried not to buckle under the 32 lbs of body armor I was required to wear on my 5 foot 3, 102 pound frame. I snapped pictures of foreign civilians shouting and waving guns and fought to remind myself this was only a training exercise. Still, I stepped a little closer to my guard, thankful for my 8 pound Kevlar Helmet and 24 pound IBA vest.

Little did I know how thankful I would be for my guard and body armor an hour later, as I crouched in a ditch under enemy fire. Leaving McKenna, our convoy had been hit by an IED and we'd been ambushed from the woods. I could see the insurgents shooting at me from the brush as my guard returned fire. Even knowing the guns were shooting blanks, I couldn't shake the scene from my mind. The shooter had been less than 50 feet away.

It was lunch time when we ended the exercise, returned to camp, and unloaded the HumVees. I cringed at the thought of another MRE, but knew it was my only option; I was already starting to shake from skipping breakfast. With our tents reaching 113° inside, we ate in what shade we could find outside. Sitting down in the gravel, I almost spit out my first gulp of Gatorade. I didn't expect it to be cold, and after 21 hours of hot liquid it was quite a shock! I looked at the bottle in surprise and tried another drink as I opened my pouch of food and listened to the soldiers talk about their family and friends. I couldn't believe my time there was almost over.

Moments later, bags were packed and goodbyes said. Looking over my shoulder as I walked away, I fought the urge to run back and hug them all... to cry, to pray, to attempt to express my gratitude for them, and for the sacrifices they willingly made... but all I could do was collapse in the car with a pounding headache, realizing in disbelief that these men still had at least another 24 hours to go. I couldn't fathom another day there- much less the ten that they had to endure!

4:12 pm - After effects

Home at last. I thought there would be relief... instead my headache lasted throughout the night and I jumped at every noise. After hearing simulated bombs and gunfire for 24 hours, I was more than a little tense. Then there were the tears... everything seemed to make me cry. Chalk it up to my drama queen tendencies if you want – but it was more than that. The reality of all I'd experienced continued to sink in, and I thought of the men serving in Iraq. I wondered how many of the soldiers I'd met would be deployed there. How many of them would give their lives for my freedom? I couldn't stand to think that some of the men I'd just befriended might not return home.

August 29

10:00 am – Back on Auburn's campus, I passed a young soldier in uniform. I'd passed countless ROTC students in my four years at Auburn, but now I saw him differently. As I looked at him, I realized he was more than just a student. I fought back tears thinking of all he would go through to serve our country. It was then that I reflected on the times I'd seen a veteran meet someone active in the military. I thought about the way those veterans looked at them... with such respect and admiration... often with tears in their eyes, and a bond of deeper understanding. Suddenly, it all made sense.

It was only 24 hours... only one day of my life. Still, I know I'll never be the same. My experience has changed me forever ... and for that, I am truly thankful.

There it was, a heap of branches, prickled leaves and twigs sticking out shyly from its deformed state. It was gone. What happened? One day it was alive, vibrant, soaking in the beaming hot sun, there for me to run into. The next it was cold, lifeless, lying there ready to be taken to the street for the garbage men to compact. The day felt somber, like the wind changed courses and persistently blew around my hair to remind me of its presence. It may have been mid July but it felt like a long, bleak December day when coldness creeps up your back and makes you shiver. We didn't play outside the day it was cut down. We just sat around, confused, looking for answers. It was just a bush, a very large, not bothering anything around it, favorite place of mine to go. It kept me hidden from the world, able to get away from people whenever I pleased, able to break free from my fourteen year old self and run wildly through the front yard to sit beneath its shade. It was a house, my house. Who takes that away from a child? My memory sends me back to when it was still standing. Right behind the bush sat a straight set of stairs descending from the front door. Through that door I can still picture the living room. It was quaint, no bigger than a bedroom, with a pink circle rug covered in a multitude of spills from my childhood. A large Zenith television sat on an old brown entertainment stand hiding an irreplaceable 1960 record playing, once spinning slow songs for marital dancing and embracing. The couch sat firmly beneath the window sill in a mismatch of stripes, low enough for my grandmother to reach my hair and braid it ever so tightly as I sat on the floor. On the wall directly across from the television sat two recliners with a black marble table holding a lightly shaded glass pink lamp in between them. On the other side of the living room wall sat the kitchen. Diamonds of black and white covered the wallpaper layered delicately to its walls. In the middle sat a large brown wooden table with sides that could fold up and down depending on how many kids had to eat at once.

Years later that wall separating the living room and kitchen was knocked down, restored with a much larger addition to the back of the house with new hardwood flooring so we could move in to take care of my grandmother. With the remodeling came the hacking of that simple bush, cut down by a few sweaty, unimpressed men. Its memories are lost to some, probably to many, but too me, it sits vividly in my mind. It's funny how our memories serve us, which moments of time it allows us to remember, and so many others it never even lets us recall. Looking back the bush had more significance than it may have appeared to at first. On the surface it was a loss of play space, something I enjoyed as a kid but deeper than that it represented much more. The world I lived in when it was standing represented freedom, immaturity, time to enjoy being a kid without worries or responsibility. With its demolition came change, a new house, a new life, a whole new world of concern and reliability bestowed upon me. The games were over, it was time to grow up, learn to stand alone and take care of my siblings and once lively grandmother. It happened so fast just as the cutting down of the bush did. One day in the old house, the next remodeling our lives and moving on into a new stage. It marked something permanent, something that couldn't be altered. I couldn't go back and make the bush stand proudly in the front yard and we couldn't leave that house again without feeling guilty.

Life is just like that, full of change. But we decide how to take that change. We can let it hurt us for as long as we choose to. The beauty of it is just that, it's a choice, we're in control.

Bright Expectations for my Future

Rachel Raymond
Secondary Education English Junior

Sept 23, 2006

I think that every military wife knows when she marries her soldier that at some point in her life there is going to be a time when she has to be apart from that person. When they are away, it's the little things that get them through the day. It's going to the mailbox and checking it every five minutes when they know exactly what time the mail has come for the past ten years, yet they cannot resist the urge to see if it might have come early just today. It's staying up until 4 in the morning waiting to hear their husband's voice on the other line, knowing that their little girls will be up at 6. It's seeing the caller id read "unavailable." It's the fear that engulfs them when they hear on the news that "Another soldier died in Iraq." These are the things that my mom held on to while my dad served in Operation Iraqi Freedom because she was a military wife and all over the world, women were experiencing the same things. It was their common bond. It was something she could hold on to when she thought things had come to the worst place in her life. She told me once that she had to take her days one hour at a time while my dad was overseas because when she thought about going through a whole day, she didn't want to get out of bed. These are not weaknesses in my eyes, only small glimpses into the everyday struggles of a woman desperately missing her husband. Being able to watch my mom grow into a strong woman whose faith in God would shine through in even the darkest circumstances will always be an experience I hold very near to my heart and I hope to never forget it.

Being an Army child with strong patriotic influence, I believe that everyone has the right to their own opinion. However, I find myself not being able to sit by and listen to those people mock my country, my father's commander and chief, and all the other American men and women who put their lives on the line, just so they can have the "freedom" to complain. As I am now in college, I have come across more people who have much to say about the war in Iraq, the president, and the military. I read articles where people say things like "It is all about oil." Another person publicly says, "We should just leave Iraq alone. I am certainly sick of our tax dollars going to train professional baby-killers we call a military." Freedom is an expensive right that many people do not take the time to appreciate. I would love to stand on the highest point in Auburn and tell anyone who would listen to me of the sacrifices that my mom and dad had to make so that others could feel safe at night in America. Courage like my father's and bravery like my mother's is something that some people work their whole life to achieve. Courage and bravery are two character traits that I hope to possess throughout my whole life.

I have another common bond with my mother that I was not ever expecting to have, ever. I am going to eventually be the wife of a soldier in the United States Army. I grasp the concept that there is a possibility that I will be apart from my soldier for a long time while he goes to protect me from foreign dangers. Because my mother was my example of power and might while my dad was being our guardian, I can face the future with bright expectations. I recognize that there will be hard times. There will be times that I don't think I can get out of bed each day, just like my mom, but knowing that the person I love is taking part is something so much bigger than either of us can imagine is enough to keep me going. Every time I see him in his uniform, my heart aches a little because I know that the future is so uncertain. I watch the news and I see the conflicts in places like Lebanon, Pakistan, and Iran and I am flooded with fear. I turn on my television and Saving Private Ryan is slapping me with the reality of the real danger that he will face, but in the end, there's a bigger plan that I am so blessed to play a small part in.

The military was a significant part of my childhood and now it's going to play a major role in my adulthood. Although I am only twenty, I feel like I have been thrown into making decisions that are affecting my future and the way I will raise my family. Words like combat boots, black hawks, alpha company, field training exercise, and other military lingo will be part of the language spoken in my house and that is exciting to me. The road ahead of me is long but at least there are other women on that same road with me, like my mother, who will come pick me up when I fall and can't make it.

I never realized how many changes occur between the ages of 17 and 21 until last night, as I sat and watched 19 17-year-olds attempt to work on stories, sitting three feet apart from each other in Tichenor Hall, Room 301 B. The 19 students were chosen to attend the Auburn University High School Journalism Workshop after an application process. They came from Alabama, Georgia and even Maryland. They barreled into the classroom, and I thought I was going to be crushed by the stampede. The loud laughter and playful arguing took over the room, which had been peaceful before they entered. After 20 minutes of arguing over who sat where, finishing up cell phone calls, checking e-mails and scrolling down their profiles on Facebook, some of them began to work. Some of them. I watched intensely, trying hard to find a student who seemed to actually be working on her assignment, but didn't seem so intense that, if I interrupted her work, her head would explode like a piñata. The classroom was divided. On the first row sat the intense students. One boy and three girls sat pounding on the keyboard in front of them, not even looking away from the monitor to blink. I walked behind them and knew that I was intentionally being ignored. I could almost hear them thinking,

"Do NOT stop and interrupt me...Do NOT stop and interrupt me!" One girl even wore headphones, as if they were a sign that said, "Don't bother me. I'm in MY world right now." The second row was a much calmer row. Three girls on the left sat and worked, but giggled quietly as they tried to complete their assignments. They actually noticed me when I walked by. On the right there were two other girls.

One sat complaining, "How am I supposed to write about myself without using the word 'I'?" The other girl, not hearing her neighbor's question, sat chatting on her cell phone, completely oblivious of the workshop going on around her. On the third row, four girls and one boy sat, all working diligently. A young boy with long hair sat on the end of the row, and he had more work completed than anyone else. He was one of only four boys there, and he seemed serious about learning all he could while he attended this workshop. The fourth row, and back row, was my favorite row. They were the students who reminded me why I didn't become a high school English teacher. They were the students who made me thankful that I was no longer 17 years old. And they were the students who made me realize, or maybe hope, that they will not be the same people they are now when they are 21. Boisterous, loud, obnoxious. These are the words I would use to describe the students on the back row after spending an hour in their presence. The two students in the very back corner were attention hogs. I noticed them as soon as I walked in, a boy and a girl. He sat with his arm around her, and she flipped her ponytail back and forth. She was pretty, and she knew it. I thought so too, until she began to talk. She spoke to the young man beside her, and as the room got louder, her voice got louder. Her voice muted everyone else in the room, and I knew she was a person who dominated any conversation she participated in.

"Being a journalist is expected of me; I don't have a choice," said Krista Eller, the girl with the flipping ponytail. I didn't ask many questions, because as I said, she took over our conversation.

"My mom's an English teacher, my cousin's in journalism school right now, and my grandmother used to own a newspaper in Montgomery," said Krista. She stressed the word "own" as if I didn't understand the importance of the word, but, sitting there, I couldn't help but question the truth of her statement.

Opposite Krista on the back row sat three more students. Well, I guess they were students. Two girls sat laughing and flirting with the tall boy beside them. He was on crutches, and he seemed to be using this new injury to gain sympathy. One of the two girls had her computer off, the other girl checked her Facebook messages and the boy didn't even sit at a computer. They didn't look like they were supposed to be working, even though every computer screen beyond theirs was lit up with Microsoft Word. Were they there to learn or play?

I stood there, extremely frustrated with these 17-year-old students. I was angry because these were students who chose to come here. They filled out an application, completed a writing sample, were hand-picked and now sat here playing. I was angry. I was angry for the students who were trying to finish their assignments amid this chaos. I was angry because those kids working so hard might actually need this scholarship.

Then it hit me. Like a ton of bricks in the face, it hit me. They're 17. They are all 17. In those four years, how much have I changed? Would I have been the tense student in the front working like a madman? Would I have been the student in the back flirting with the cute new boy beside me? I would like to think that I was as levelheaded and mellow at 17 years old as I am now. But as I sit, stressing about completing this column by 1 p.m., I know that I am wrong.

We were all 17-year-olds at some point in our lives. It's hard to believe, but these kids that I watched with such frustration are normal. They're not high school dropouts or drug dealers. They came to a workshop in the summer. While they were out of school for a break, they came to school. Even though I wanted to shake each of them, yell at the kids in the front to calm down, and scream at the kids in the back to get to work, I refrained. Because we were all once 17.

The Short of It

Mary Angel Langner
Secondary Education English Junior

Although, the word short is not the most complex of words and often could be defined by a three year old, it has many meanings connected with it. I, for one, find this word intriguing because I am short and not your typical 5'2" short, more like 3'9." I am short! I know it, you know it, and I will not pretend to hide the obvious. Beginning with some of the more negative connotations of this word, shortchanged, shorthanded, shortcomings, shortwaisted, short bus. These words are all about not having enough of something, not receiving enough change, not having a long enough waist, or not having enough intelligence (hence having to ride the short bus). With me, it is not having enough height. I am always getting the, "look mommy she's short." This is not very negative when the naturally curious child says it, but once you turn ten you had best be for keeping your thoughts to yourself before blurting it out in the Wal-Mart soap isle. I cannot be held responsible at this point for the insulting looks and/or pithy comments that might come from me.

Short has been the axis of many good jokes in my family. One day while setting the table, I was in a bad mood; my mother being in a worse mood, says to me, "Don't get short with me." To which my brother Hunter replies, "She's not getting any shorter Mom." My dad stopped stirring the noodles, my sister pulled the glass away and hushed the ice machine, for a brief moment our kitchen was silenced with his comment. They all stared until they caught the surprised, yet amused look on Mama's face, then no one was silent, and laughter filled the room. It was a torturous moment gone doubled-over funny. Hunter is one of the few people that can pull off a joke like this. For one, he's family and a best friend, secondly, he does it with an affectionate understanding the two of us have. So, if you read this and just happen to have a fateful meeting with someone of short stature, by no means is it acceptable to allude to any of these jokes.

My life is made up of many moments that are a result of who I am as a person and a testament to something far greater. It has come to my attention several times that I have been blessed in so many ways and have been a blessing to many. In my life, circumstances have abounded and miracles have happened. And on a very personal level, I want to share some of the experiences I have had in life that creates who I am, illustrates what I take from these situations, and how I apply them when I respond to people.

Although, I have no memory of the first years of my life in which many miracles occurred, I know these memories as though they are mine from the many times my mama has retold them to me. On the 15th of August, I was her first cesarean section baby and was whisked away immediately by doctors while she recovered. The first time my mother saw me, she had already learned that I was small, a scary time in any mother's life, but my nurse brought me in, reassuring her that I was indeed special, she said, "She's just a little angel." From this, I was named Mary Angel.

Later, with my x-rays sent off to a doctor in South Carolina, he came to a conclusion of my dwarfism diagnosis and informed my parents. The doctors expressed how, with everything given, considering the length of my arms and legs, they came to such a diagnosis. In a time of no internet, little research could be found to tell my parents differently, and like any curious parents, they wanted to know more. For that reason, they began to search for a specialist, but had little success.

This discouraged them for over two years, and in that second year, they were devastated yet again when I began to hemorrhage under the skin and was admitted to the hospital for ten days. For the next two months, they made several weekly visits to the hospital so that I could be tubed and given medicine. My body rejected this technique, so they instead started me on a prescription drug, prednisone. Seeing that the medicine was doing nothing for me, my parents just stopped giving it to me. Little did they know the medicine was twice the dosage that should have been given to me, and it was a drug that should be carried out to full term. Even though this angered the doctor, my parents didn't continue with the treatment. My little body, off of the medicine, began to heal itself. Have you ever heard the saying, "Ignorance is bliss?" Well it was, and it would be hard for me to say that God didn't have something to do with them not knowing.

This same year, my parents received an envelope by mail, with no indications of a sender, but inside was an article about a dwarfism specialist in Baltimore, Maryland. He was Dr. Kopits, the chief of pediatric orthopedics at Johns Hopkins Hospital. My parents were eager to know more about my future health and scheduled to meet with Dr. Kopits; however, the doctors that had previously worked with me felt my parents were in denial of my condition. Despite the doctors' judgments, they took me to Maryland. As Dr. Kopits reviewed my files and then the x-rays, with each x-ray he held up to the light of his window he said, "Hallelujah."

"What?" my mother asked.

"You didn't know?" he said, "Her original diagnosis was a form of dwarfism that rarely lives to more than two years of age."

My original diagnosis was life threatening because of how open my joints were, and now, they had amazingly closed. Somewhere between that first diagnosis and until Dr. Kopits reassigned my diagnosis to Metaphysealchondrodysplasia, my parents never knew that I wouldn't live. Through the miscommunication from the doctors at home, my parents were never informed of the results of this diagnosis. I cannot imagine how they would have coped with knowing they might lose a child. Would they have given up hope when I was hospitalized at two years, thinking that was it? Now you might believe there is no significance for the way things happen, that all things can be justified through reason, but I find this hard to believe because it happened a third time.

I continued to make yearly visits to Maryland so Dr. Kopits could monitor my progress. The tall, Hungarian man was the most empathetic doctor I have ever known, and like the nurses in the hospital the day I was born, he always reassured my parents that I was in good health and progressing beautifully. As I began to get older, my legs continued to bow severely out; without correction, the bowing would have ultimately caused me to lose my ability to walk. For years, Dr. Kopits discussed the crucial surgery with me, which he would perform in Maryland, which was necessary to correct the bowing, slowly preparing us for the extensive occasion.

A highly anticipated reconstructive surgery was the mark of my coming to age. In the late summer before my eighth grade year, I underwent the first of three surgeries, a twelve hour operation. Exactly one week later, Dr. Kopits performed operation number two and a week later number three. Each time I awoke from surgery I was in a body cast, which went from the end of my toes to two

inches above my bellybutton. He broke both hips in the first week and then the bones both above and below my knees in the next two weeks. With the end of the third surgery, Dr. Kopits spoke to my parents outside of the recovery room saying, "You must have had many prayers, because I had such a calming peace with me during each surgery."

After my three surgeries, I was sent home in my friend, the body cast, to recover for nine weeks. At the end of about nine weeks, my parents and I traveled back to Maryland so that this cast of confinement could be removed, and I could learn to walk again. The entire ride up was like the night before Christmas, you just want the next morning to be there, and you can't hide the excitement you feel, squirming around relentlessly in your bed. Finally, the saw was buzzing through the hard plaster of my cast, I would exhale a deep breath of air with the removal of each piece as if it helped me feel the air move across the newly, uncovered skin.

With the cast removed, Dr. Kopits took out all of his tools to measure my range of motion and flexibility. To his amazement, my hip flexion was greater than 90 degrees, this is quite a feat if you consider that my hips had been broken, reformed, and remained at a flattening 180 degrees for over two months. For the next four weeks, I had therapy twice a day to strengthen my legs and eventually learned to walk again.

Some might hear my testimony and think the experiences I have had were times of great suffering, but it is quite the opposite. Not to say that I didn't have bad days during those experiences. Many times my parents and I should have felt suffering where there was little or none at all. God has protected us in unimaginable ways. During those times when the results all added up to what the doctors believed was one thing and by the grace of God's healing hand my joints closed or what seemed to be one thing, was actually another, or we were blessed to find an amazing doctor, we were protected. But more amazingly I was part of that something greater, that something that gives others hope.

In opposition to some of the more difficult experiences in life, I have also been given incredible opportunities. One given opportunity, which was directly related to being quite short, was being a member of the 2004 Paralympic Swim Team. I grew up swimming. It was one of the only sports I could compete in due to my height and joint structure. Since there was such a great deal of difference in height within my own age group, I was taking two strokes for every one stroke my competitor took. Often, I would lose most races, until I began competing in the Paralympics. The Paralympics offer athletes with disabilities to compete on an even playing field, in other words I was able to compete against people my size.

With three years of international competition behind me, I was ranked 2nd in the world at the time of the 2004 USA Paralympic Trials. At the end of trials, all competitors gathered in a large room when they announced the team. Months later, after a great deal of strenuous training, Team USA arrived in Athens, Greece. On September 17th the games began with what I consider the most remarkable part of my athletic career, the Opening Ceremonies. The night was filled with such energy, a buzzing of 146 countries speaking different languages waited to enter the arena. Team USA all matching in our navy jumpsuits and berets, lined up five people across, with the shortest people in the front. Again, my height was to my advantage. I was directly front and center, leading our team in the opening march. Beside me stood Travis, one of my best friends, he had done this before in 2000, and he kept saying to me, "Just wait, Angel, just wait, it's amazing."

Before entering the arena, we were led through a narrow tunnel, at that moment the blood rushed through my body, heightening all of my senses, and my mouth couldn't stop from smiling. It was then we were given the queue to step into a sold-out arena of over 73,000 viewers. I burst with a scream in that instant, as the intensity of the noise hit me, and I turned to see Travis smiling back at me. Cameras blinked thousands of little blinks all around us, and I looked up, shocked to see myself on the big screen. Even in my most elaborate visions of this night, I hadn't imagined I would be this overwhelmingly happy, excited, energized, and the many other emotions I had while I walked behind the American flag.

The various experiences in life have provided me so many opportunities to influence the lives of others in a positive way. There have been difficult times, but knowing what I know from the previous situations, all things happen for a reason. My height easily draws attention and people remember me. I believe I was born short for this reason. Let me reflect on a personal letter from the eyes of another that reveals the definition of short in a positive way.

For every good, positive word associated with short a negative word can be found as well and I can safely assume that most people can form a similar list with the negatives and positives this word associates. Very few words can provoke both feelings, a reason I like this word so much, with the good comes the bad, that is life, and that is real. However, the positivism that I associate with this word far outweighs its negativity. I will leave you with this last thought, a personal motto -- life is short, live it up.

Chicken Legs

Megan Robertson
Secondary Education English Junior

It's Friday evening and the air is smothered with the warm smell that fall football season brings to Auburn, Alabama. Tailgaters line the streets on which I live with their burnt orange tents adorned with orange and blue lights and paper lanterns. Lawn chairs are under these tents, circling a small, black, 15" television that is showing the latest ESPN updates. The seats of these chairs are all rounded where people have been sitting for hours in them chatting with their fellow tailgaters, watching the television intensely, or eating another delicious homemade dish. It is 7:00pm. I notice all of these things as I am walking home from the Auburn/LSU pep rally. Everyone has a cheerful smile upon their face, and no one is hesitant in either giving or receiving a prideful, "War Eagle," even if it is screamed from a moving vehicle. It felt as if everyone couldn't get anymore excited about the upcoming Saturday afternoon game against Louisiana State University, probably one of Auburn's biggest competitions. Everyone was focused and excited about the game. Everyone was in their element of Auburn football tradition. Everyone's thoughts were surrounded by football, cheers, good times, and hopefully, victory. I, too, am a lover of Auburn tradition, but more than anything, I was looking forward to my own tradition that evening.

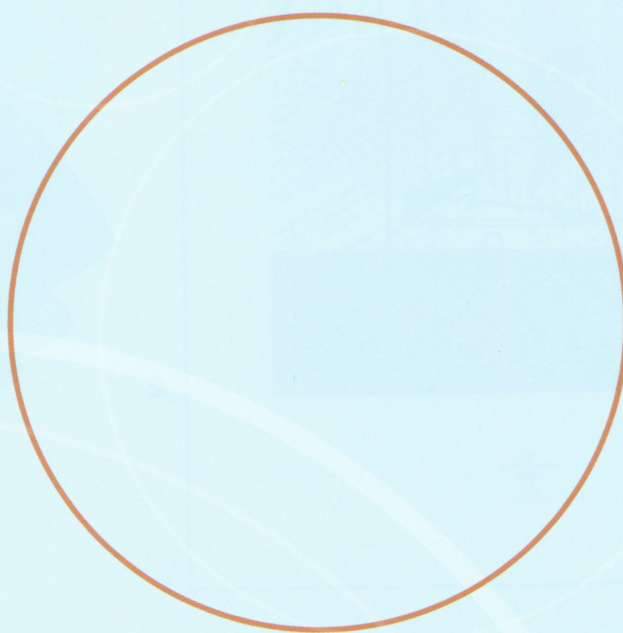
Each game-day weekend in the fall semester, my small family travels from my small hometown of Oneonta, Alabama to visit me and to attend the Auburn football game. My family is made up of die-hard Auburn fans, and we hold season tickets to all of the home games. As an Auburn college student, who is far away from home, I find this very special and convenient as I never have to go home during the fall because my family always comes to me. Of all the football traditions that each tailgating party celebrates, this is my tradition. Being reunited with my family in my Auburn "home away from home" really sparks the same excitement and feelings of warmth that any of my Auburn traditions bring.

The family is scheduled to arrive soon. The members of my family who usually make the trek to Auburn each weekend are my mother, my younger brother, and my two grand-parents. Although I dearly miss each and every person in my family, my younger brother Austin is whom I find myself easily tearing up over when thinking of him. Even as I compose this personal essay, a wave of stirring emotion invokes the inner core of my chest as I think of how much I love that sweet, dear, little twelve-year-old rascal.

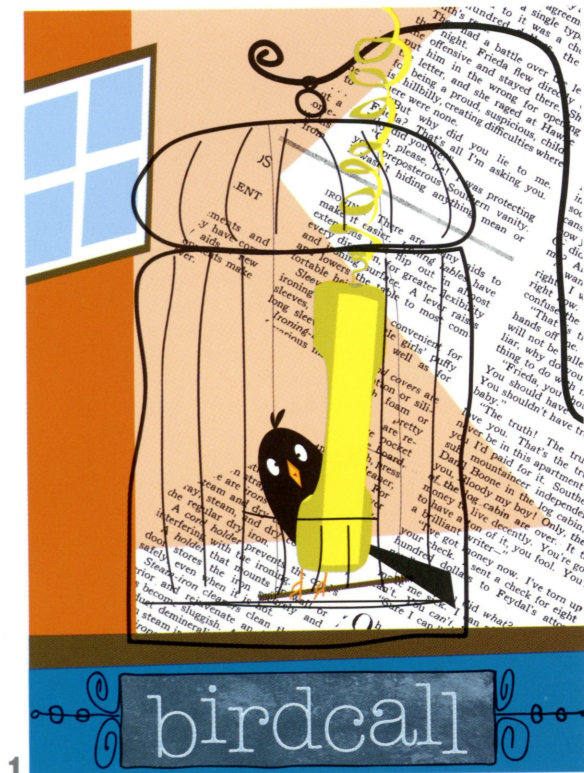
I finally make my way back to my house at the exact moment as my loving family pulls up into the driveway of my large, pink house in Auburn. "What great timing," I thought to myself as a smile instantly emerged on my face. The back left door of the big, black 2003 Jeep Cherokee swings open in my driveway, and the first thing I see is a pair of navy Nike shoes with an orange swoosh tied by dirty shoe laces attached to a pair of long, white, skinny "chicken-legs" hopping out of the car and onto the pavement. Austin always jumps right out of the car when he gets here; he is just so excited. His clothes sport the colors Orange and Blue, as usual. He loves Auburn and Auburn football more than anyone I know. I wonder if he knows that I, too, feel that same excitement but instead, about the opportunity I have to be able to see him again. He proudly wears his once-white Auburn cap that I bought him last year with my own money from J&M Bookstore. Its current dingy color tells me he wears it often, so I am more than alright with that. It covers his light brown hair, but underneath the bill of the cap, I cannot help but notice his large, expansive, brown, doe eyes that seem to warm a room. Before even closing the car door, he gives a big cartoon-like wave as he spreads his fingers as far apart as possible and speedily sways his hand back and forth just in front of his right shoulder. This is Austin's usual greeting for me, along with a quick flash of his perfectly straight white teeth, of which he possesses naturally without braces or any monetary input. All of these specific, now very familiar things about Austin, all were once unnoticed until I moved away to college and began to miss him and the delightfulness he brings to my heart.

By the end of my senior year in high-school, I was more than ready to start college. I had lived in small town Oneonta, Alabama for eighteen years, and I was excited about seeing what else was out there in the world. I couldn't wait to live in a new place, make new friends, and live a new life. I knew college was going to add so many things to my life that I would love and that I would learn from. I didn't know, however, how much college would take away. I have now come to the conclusion that college is undoubtedly about gain, gaining friendships, knowledge and experiences, but now, because of the way I miss Austin and the way I long to see him every game-day weekend, I realize college is a lot about loss. I have lost the constant interaction I used to have with my brother. I have lost the days I would pick him up from the elementary side of our school to take him home with me. I have lost the many times I could easily go to his baseball and basketball games. I have lost fighting with him to get off the computer so that I could do homework. I have lost helping him build school projects. I have lost playing games, watching movies, and fixing snacks with him.

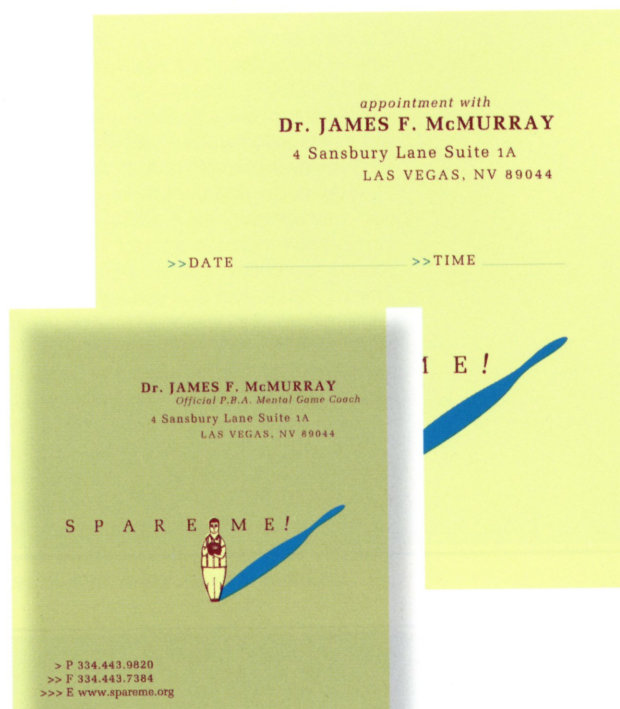
Twelve, almost thirteen years ago, as I sat in the waiting room at St. Vincent's hospital in Birmingham, I would have never been able to guess how emotionally attached I would become to my future brother. I would have never been able to guess that one day, I would only be able to see him for forty-eight hours at a time, if I am lucky enough that he can stay for that long. The numbered weekends that he comes to Auburn are, to me, considered priceless. I long for each game-day weekend, not only because of traditional Auburn football, but also because it is the time when I am able to be close to my family again. It is when I am able to see those white, long, skinny "chicken legs" lead his body out of the car. It is when his wide smile lightens up his face and brings joy to my heart. It is when I am reminded of why I love him so dearly and why I would do anything in the world for him. And finally, it is when I am reminded that he, above all else, is MY Auburn tradition.

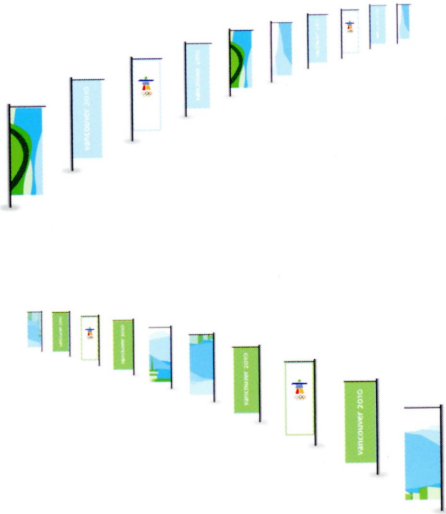
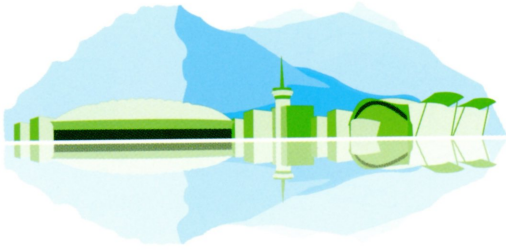


{design}



- 1 Bradley Baker
Compound Word Illustration
BirdCall
- 2 Brett Olive
Compound Word Illustration
Butterscotch
- 3 Jordan Craddock
Appointment & Business card





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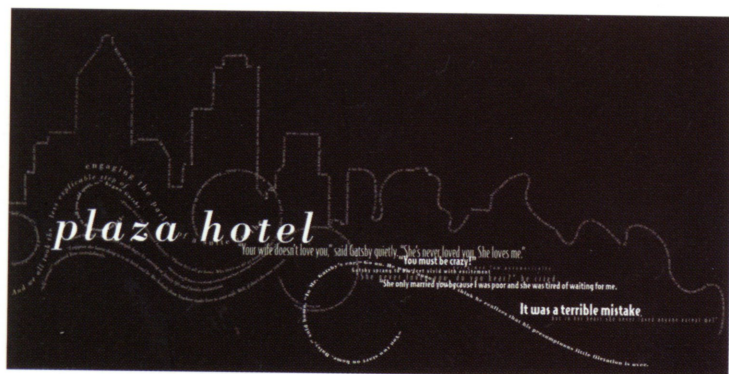
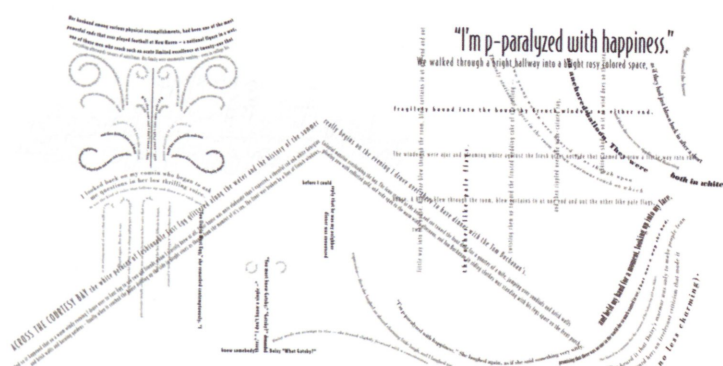
- 1 Joshua Swindle
Vancouver Look of the Games
Olympic System & Brand Design
- 2 Shelley Moore
Doubleshot Business Logo
- 3 Emily Krenkel
Papaya Parlor Business Logo

Vibe & Jive

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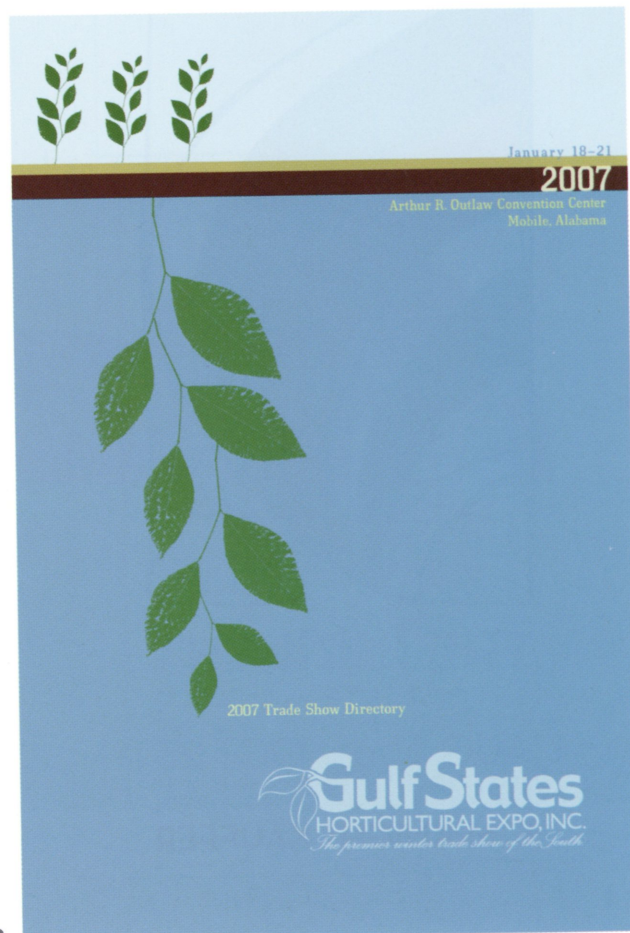
1 Adriene Curenton
Vibe & Jive Business Logo

2 Sam Lober
Product Design
Afterwhile Crocodile Stickers

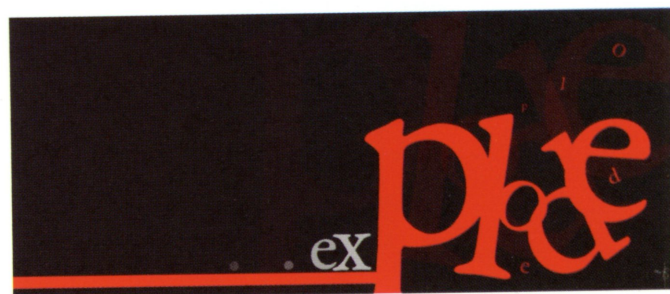
3 Holly Cook
The Great Gasby
Typography



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- 1 Adriene Curenton
Women in Fashion
Postage Stamp Design
- 2 Jordan Craddock
Gulf States Horticulture Expo
Cover Design
- 3 Joshua Swindle
Universal Messages
Typography



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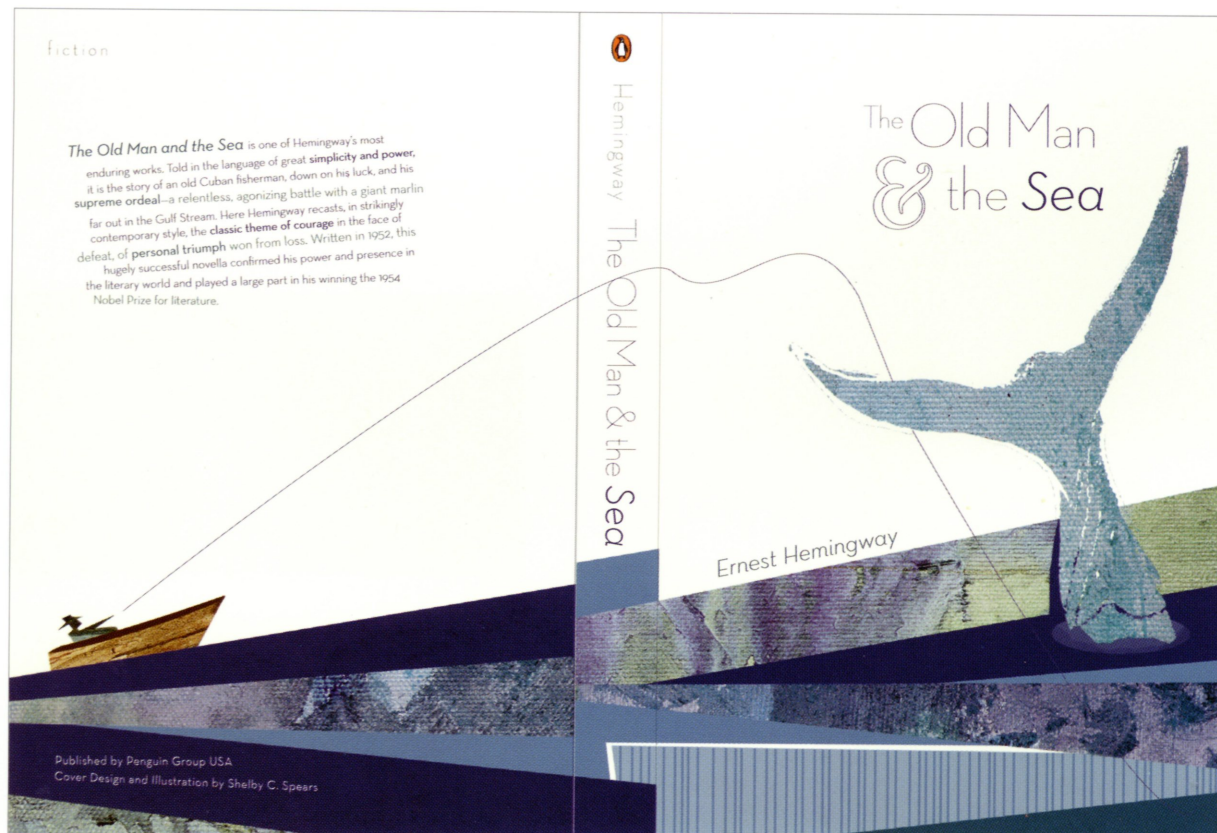
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1 Shelby Spears
E. McKnight Kauffer Poster

2 Shelby Spears
The Old Man & The Sea
Book Cover

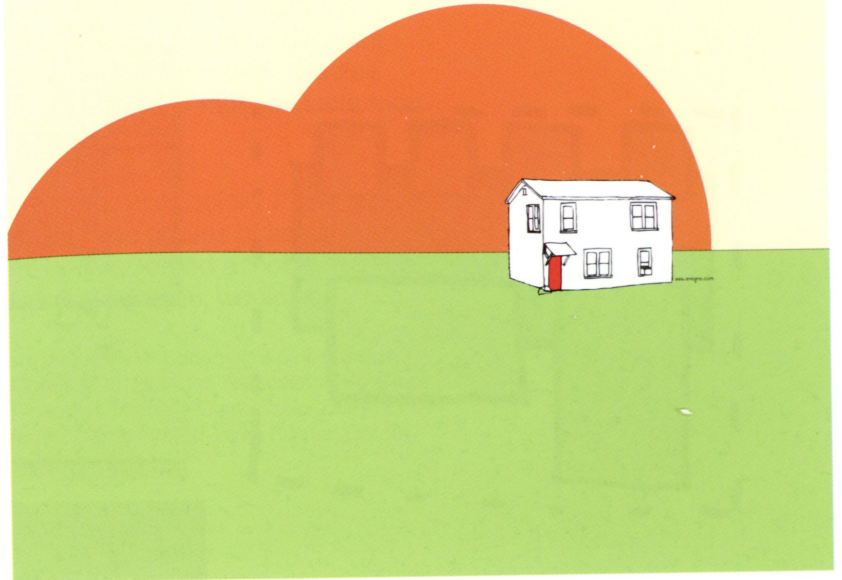
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2

{suburban
brought to you by

Suburban was designed by Rudy Vanderhaeghe in 1995. It combines the use of natural geometric shapes and advanced calligraphy-crafted characters. Suburban was created to incorporate components of VariableType, a family sans-serif created by Rudy Vanderhaeghe and Zuzana Licko. It is the only typeface that uses a single character to represent a "T" as a "J".

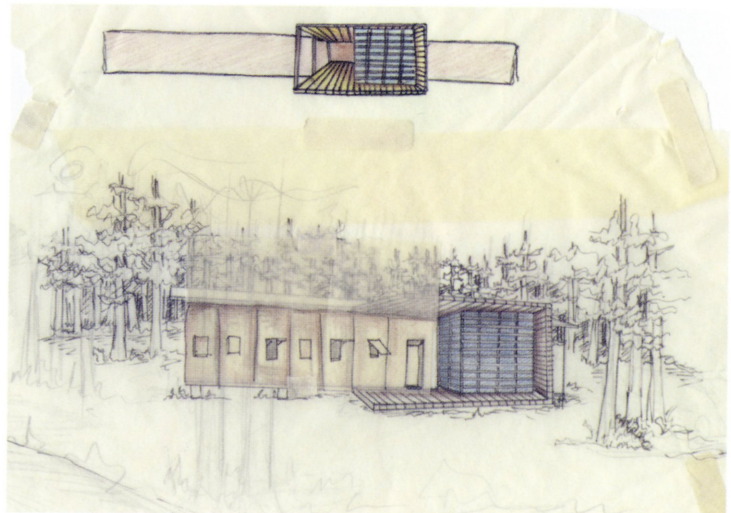
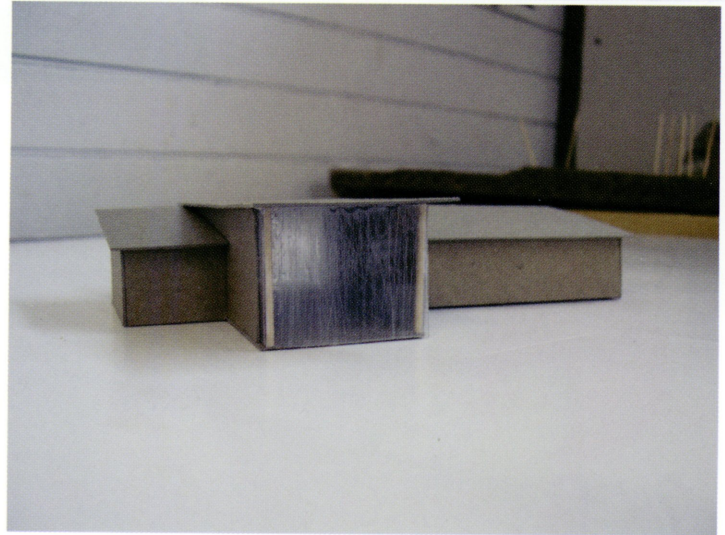
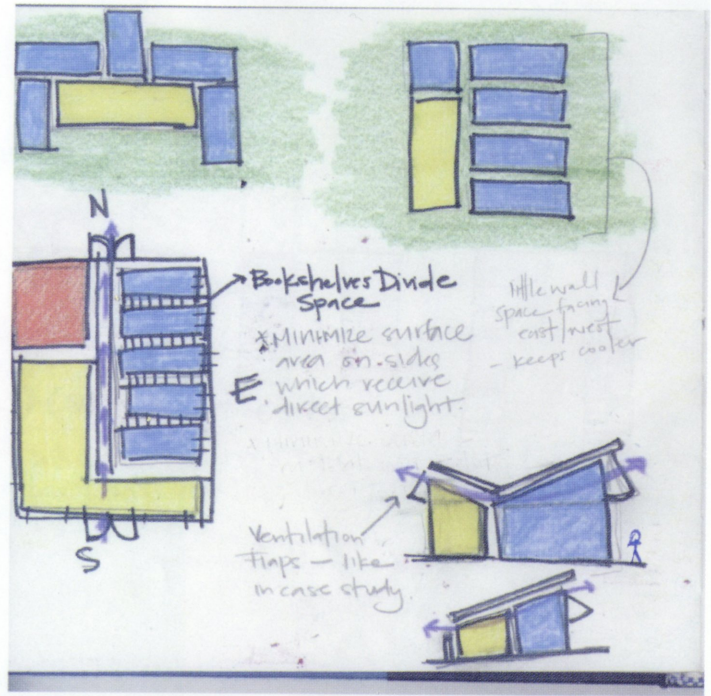
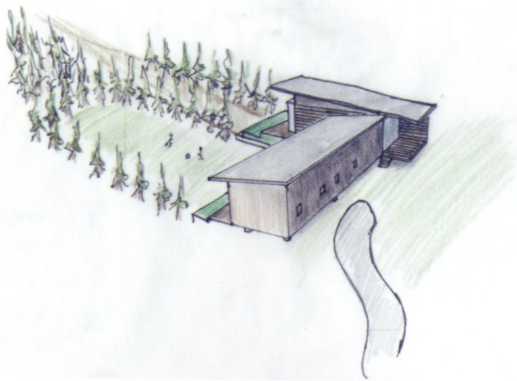
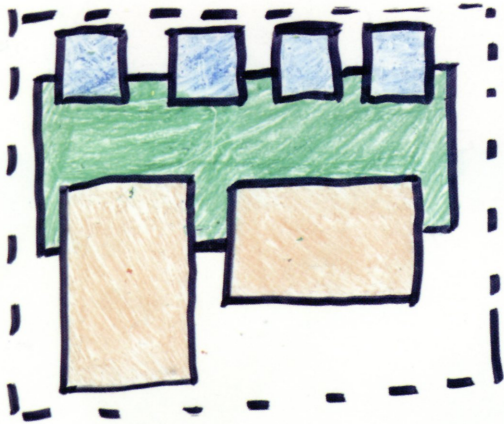


1



2

- 1 Erin Warner
Poster Design
- 2 Micheal Felix
Spot Illustration



A House for Michelle Connor

as told by Terran Wilson

Their trailer home burned in an electrical fire, marking the second home the family has lost to fires in recent years. The site was difficult to obtain because of landowners who lease or sell their land to trailer owners. Michelle, Bradley, Marquise, Jasmine, and Danielle were in desperate need of a more suitable form of housing that could be both permanent and versatile.

The 1100 square foot house is nestled in a forest of 15-foot Loblolly Pines on County Road 33 just east of downtown Greensboro. Two groups of second-year architecture students built what they hope would be considered a “noble and dignified” space, as Sambo Mockbee, founder of the Rural Studio, would say.

Students: Anna Bevil, Jason Blankenship, Brittany Creehan, Jacob Fyfe, Brittany (“B.G.”) Graeber, Jennifer Isenburg, Carrie Laurendine, Jonathan Mayhall, Donny Mott, Brandon Rainosek, Haley Robinson, Scott Terrell, Marcus (“B.P.”) Buckner-Perry, Justyn Chandler, Michelle Clark, Taylor Clark, Evan Dick, Lori Fine, Ed Hall, Drew Jerdan, Brett Jones, Ben Krauss, Carrie Norton, John Plaster, Dorothy Sherling, Casey Smith, Kathleen Webb, Terran Wilson

Professors: Daniel “Boone” McHugh, Emily McGlohn



Purse Design Project

Apparel Merchandising Students

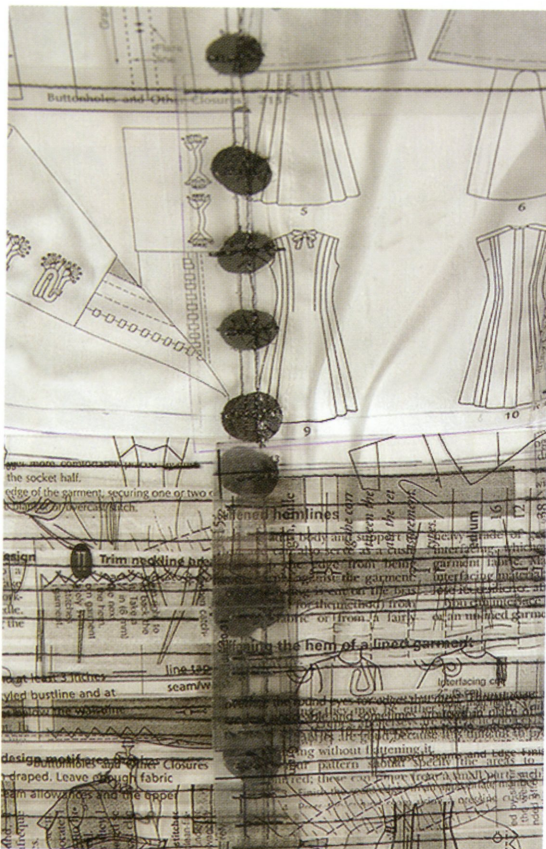
Consumer Affair students studying Advanced Apparel Design designed and constructed handbags this semester in a course taught by Dr. Lenda Jo Connell. The assignment led students to incorporate previously sampled value-added techniques such as slashing, beading, Seminole patchwork, piping, Dior roses, and circular ruffles with the option for additional techniques. These initial projects were evaluated by both faculty and senior level students.







1



1 Angelina Calabro
Dress Design
"How to Make a Dress"

2 Megan Barganier
Formal Dress Sketch

3 Yukti Sanchet
Dress Design
"Tell Me a Story"

4 Yukti Sanchet
Dress Design
"Rose is a Rose"

5 Lindsey Barnett
Fashion Sketch
Moulin Rouge



2



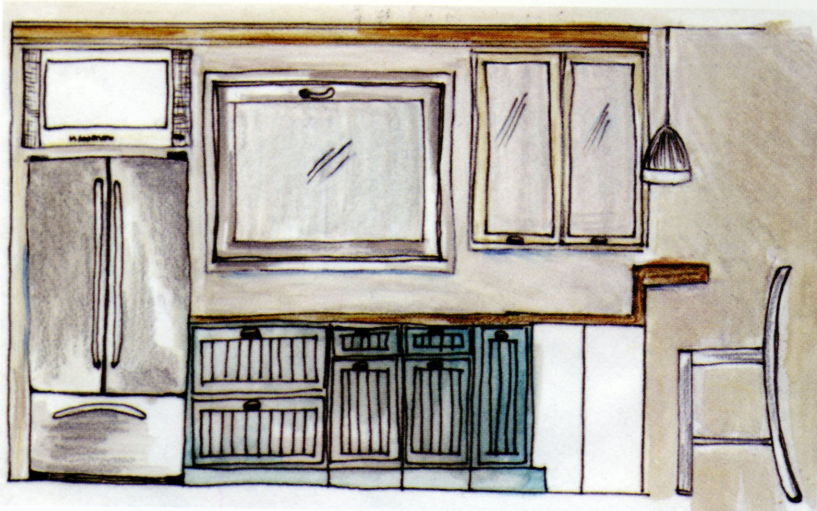
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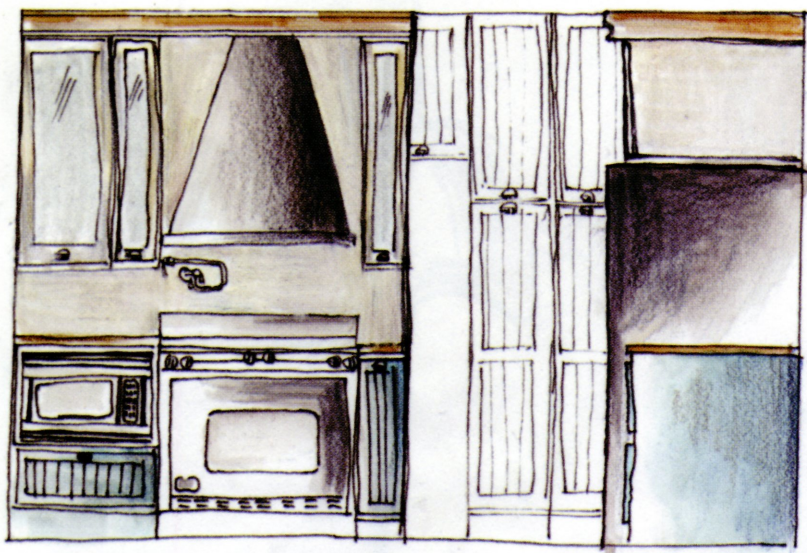
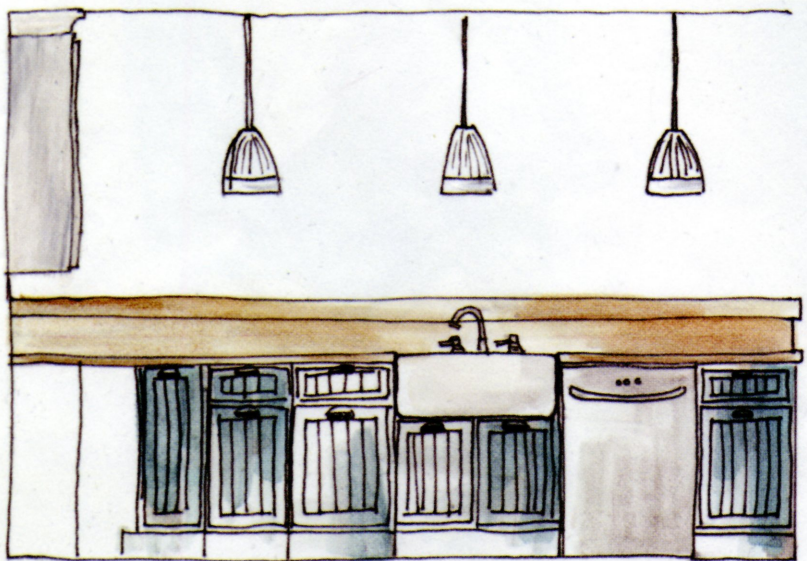
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1 Abby Johnson
Interior Design
Colored Renderings

2 Abby Johnson
Interior Design
Cafe

3 Abby Johnson
Interior Design
Coach



2



3



1 Meghan Howell
Interior Design
Courtyard

2 Meghan Howell
Interior Design
Hive Perspective



2

SUBMISSIONS

We take submissions in prose, poetry, design, fine art, graphic design & illustration, fiction & non-fiction literature, fashion design, interior design and any other documentable literary/art forms. Any student, alumni, faculty, and staff may submit to the Circle. Even if you miss the deadline for the semester, we will hold onto your submissions for the next issue.

WAYS TO SUBMIT

For art, design, photography

On a CD or other electronic storage device as a high resolution .JPEG, .TIF, PDF format image file. All images must have 300 dpi (dots per inch) resolution or greater due to printing resolution. Any photo submission less than 300 dpi will not be used. Submissions may also be e-mailed to acircle@auburn.edu. Make sure to save files as your name and the title. Label CD separately with your name, title, and e-mail. Also be sure to turn in your submission waiver to The Circle office.

For literature

Microsoft Word Document (.DOC) file

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